

EVERY NATION
KNEELING



EVERY NATION KNEELING

AND OTHER SERVICES OF PRAYER AND PRAISE

Compiled by

WILL HAYES

For use in the Church of the Great Companions

THE ORDER OF THE GREAT COMPANIONS

Hertha's Chapel, Meopham Green, Kent

1954



www.unitarian.org.uk/docs

CONTENTS

		<i>Page</i>
	<i>Preface</i>	7
1	THE VISION	11
2	THE WIDER VIEW	23
3	A NEW COMMANDMENT	35
4	THE UNITY OF THINGS	47
5	TRUE RELIGION	59
6	THE TASK ETERNAL	71
7	LIFE IS SWEET	83
8	THE WORLD IS ONE	95
9	CATHOLICITY	107
10	THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO THIS MOMENT	119
11	TRUTH AT A DISTANCE	131
12	GOD IS GOODNESS	143
13	THE LORD OF LIFE	157
14	EVERY NATION KNEELING	173
	SUGGESTED TUNES	189
	THE PRAYER OF JESUS	192
	A COVENANT FOR FREE WORSHIP	192
	BENEDICTION	192

*Made and printed in England by
STAPLES PRINTERS LIMITED
at their Rochester, Kent, establishment*

PREFACE

"*A Book of Twelve Services*" (1 to 12 in the present volume) was privately printed in 1924, with the following Preface:

For some time I felt the need of a new liturgy. I approached various bodies with suggestions, but no one seemed inclined to take up the task of issuing services suitable for common use in progressive churches. Then I remembered Thoreau's words—

"The man who goes alone can start today."

The task of compiling these services has been a labour of love, and what I have done, any minister may do for his own church. The services are to some extent a confession of faith. They are universalist in conception. I believe that the religion of the future will be a world religion. A prophetic passage from one of Whitman's private note-books sums up the idea behind the services—

"There are that specialize a book, or some one divine life, as the only revelation. I, too, doubtless own it, whatever it is, to be a revelation, a part, but I see all else, all nature, and each and all that to it appertains, the processes of time, all men, the universes, all likes and dislikes and developments—a hundred, a thousand other Saviours and Mediators and Bibles—they too just as much revelations as any. The grand and vital theory of religion must admit all, and not a part merely."

The church of the future will be the Church of the Great Companions, and its Bible will be the larger Bible of World Literature.

The services in this volume are now used in the church of which I am minister—the Unitarian Church, Hamond Hill, Chatham—and I have to thank the members of that church for their ready co-operation in this attempt to bring public worship up to date.

Our Church is now called the Church of the Great Companions, and we still use the Twelve Services. In addition, we use "*The Lord of Life*" (1936) and the Service which

EVERY NATION KNEELING

gives its title to this book (1937). These two services include material drawn from the Twelve.

The Fourteenth Service has already had a wide appeal. It has been used many times (in full or in part) by the World Congress of Faiths. This is as it should be. In 1928 and 1929 I worked in London with Sir Francis Younghusband for the Fellowship of Faiths, and a few years later I had my share in persuading Sir Francis to start the World Congress of Faiths.

Our Services are also being used by a Pacifist Religious Fellowship holding regular meetings for worship in London. The secretary of this group is Gladys Gellert, 42 Minet Avenue, London, N.W.10.

Anyone is at liberty to use these Services, as they stand, or in modified form. I want to see many groups using them—each group a Church of the Great Companions and a growing point for the Wider View.

The blank pages are for the minister's manuscript notes. Lay folk can use them to make "*Every Nation Kneeling*" into an intimate personal Anthology or a Book of Devotions.

WILL HAYES

Meopham Green,
September 20, 1954

First Service

THE VISION

Opening Sentence

(To be said by the Minister, all standing)

O BEAUTIFUL human life! Tears come in my eyes as I think of it. So beautiful, so inexpressibly beautiful! . . . How willingly I would strew the paths of all with flowers; how beautiful a delight to make the world joyous! The song should never be silent, the dance never still, the laugh should sound like water which runs for ever.

Richard Jefferies

"I will sift the sunbeams for the public good."

Henry David Thoreau

"Homage to the gods is good—when seconded by human endeavour."

Maha-Bharata

"We consider Bibles and religions divine—I do not say they are not divine,

I say they have all grown out of you and may grow out of you still, It is not they who give the life, it is you who give the life.

Leaves are not more shed from the trees, or trees from the earth than they are shed from you."

Walt Whitman

FIRST HYMN

Dedication

WHAT purpose burns within our hearts
That we together here should stand,
Pledging each other mutual vows,
And ready hand to join in hand?

We see in vision fair a time
When evil shall have passed away;
And thus we dedicate our lives
To hasten on that blessed day.

To seek the truth whate'er it be,
To follow it where'er it leads;
To turn to facts our dreams of good,
And coin our lives in loving deeds:

For this, we gather here to-day;
To such a church of God we bring
Our utmost love and loyalty,
And make our souls an offering.

Minot J. Savage

EXHORTATION

FOR awhile we are called apart from the busy world to think of those things which lie nearest to our hearts, to dwell on the ideals towards which we are aiming, to renew those high desires which have been ours in moments of vision. Let us unite in the endeavour to cast off all that would separate us from each other; let soul commune with soul, that we may feel the kinship which makes us one. Thus shall we go forth strengthened and refreshed, ready to do our share in the building up of the Kingdom of God on earth.

PRAYER

ETERNAL God, who art the source of all life, the Father of all spirits, as we think of thee as our Father, may we grasp more fully the meaning of this great truth, and in its light may we work for the day when all who dwell on this earth shall live together as brothers and sisters in the bond of peace and true fellowship. *Amen.*

OUR FATHER

FIRST CANTICLE

The City of Friends

THE greatest *city* is that city
Which *has* the greatest men and women;
If it be a *few* ragged huts,
It is still the *greatest* city in the world.

I dreamed in a *dream* I saw a city
Invincible to the attacks *of* the rest of the earth;
I dreamed that *was* the new city,
I dreamed that was the *new* city of Friends.

Nothing was *greater* in that city
Than the *quality* of robust love;
Love was *there*, spread far and wide—
Love ruled in *that* city—it led the rest.

It was seen every *hour* of the day
In the actions *of* the men of that city.
It was *seen* in all their looks—
It was *seen* in all their looks and words.

Walt Whitman
(with slight alterations)

READING

SECOND CANTICLE

The Real Presence

HERE is thy footstool and *there* rest thy feet
Where live the poorest, *and* lowliest, and lost.
My obeisance cannot *reach* where thy feet rest
Among the poorest, *and* lowliest, and lost.

Pride can never *approach* to where thou walkest
Among the poorest, *and* lowliest, and lost;
Where thou walkest in the *clothes* of the humble
With the poorest, *and* lowliest, and lost.

My heart can never find where *thou* keepest company
With the poorest, *the* lowliest, and lost;
Where thou keepest *company* with the companionless
Among the poorest, *the* lowliest, and lost.

Leave this chanting and singing, *and* telling of beads!
Open thine eyes *and* look upon thy God!
Whom dost thou worship in this *temple* with doors all shut?
Open thine eyes and *see* thy God is not before thee!

He is where the tiller is *tilling* the hard ground,
 And where the *path*-maker is breaking stones.
 He is with them in *sun* and in shower,
 And his garment is covered with dust.

Put off thy holy *mantle* and even like him
 Come *out* on the dusty soil!
 For our master has taken upon him the *bonds* of creation,
 He is *bound* with us all for ever.

Come out of thy meditations! Leave *aside* thy flowers and
 incense!

What harm if *thy* clothes become tattered?
 Meet him in *toil* and in sweat of thy brow;
 What harm if *thy* clothes become stained?

The traveller has to knock at *every* alicu door
 To *come* to his own at last.
 One has to wander through *all* the outer worlds
 To reach the *innermost* shrine at the end.

The time that my *journey* takes is long
 And the *way* of it also long.
 My eyes strayed far and *wide* before I shut them—
 I shut them *and* said "Here art thou".

The question *and* the cry "Oh, where?"
 Melt into *tears* of a thousand streams,
 They deluge the *world* with the flood—
 The *flood* of the assurance "I am".

Rabindranath Tagore
 (with slight alterations)

(By kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.)

READING

THIRD CANTICLE

A Ray of God

AS surely as the sunset in *my* latest November
 Shall *translate* me to the ethereal world;
 As surely *as* it shall remind me
 Of the *ruddy* morning of my youth;

As surely as the last strain of music on *my* decaying ear
 Shall *make* age to be forgotten;
 As surely as the manifold *influences* of Nature
 Survive during the *term* of our natural life;

So surely shall my Friend for *ever* be my Friend,
 And *reflect* a ray of God to me.
 Time shall adorn and *consecrate* our Friendship
 No *less* than the ruins of temples.

As I love Nature, as I *love* singing birds,
 As I love *gleaming* stubble and flowing rivers,
 As I love morning and evening, *and* summer and winter,
 So I love thee, *I* love thee, my Friend.

Henry David Thoreau
 (with slight alterations)

SOLO OR VOLUNTARY

(Followed by short silence)

PRAYERS

O LOVE, who art the strength and inspiration of all
 those who work for others, who forgetting self throw
 their energies into the building up of a better world, we come
 before thee in prayer and thanksgiving. We thank thee for
 the messages that have come to us from the prophets and

sages of all times, from the pioneers of all forward movements in the progress of the world. As we dwell on their words, as we think of their lives, may we catch something of the spirit of self-denial that was theirs. May we apply to our own lives the principles of brotherhood and fellowship for which they stood. May we endeavour in all our intercourse with our fellows to "turn to facts their dreams of good". And, O God, we would ask thee to give us that spiritual insight which will enable us to recognise the prophets and seers of our own age and generation, so that we may be guided by them towards a better order, towards a higher and nobler state of society, a more complete form of brotherhood. Thus shall thy Kingdom come, and thy will be done—on earth. *Amen.*

ETERNAL God, who art the fountain of all goodness, the source of all greatness, we pray that we may be given a fuller realisation of the beauty of holiness. Knowing that thou art indeed our Father, may we be drawn closer and closer towards our brothers and sisters here on earth. Unite us to all humanity with the bonds of sympathy and love. Give us such a feeling of kinship with our fellows that we shall carry our religion into our everyday lives—lifting the fallen, freeing the captive, healing the broken-hearted, bringing the soothing touch of love to those who suffer, helping always to bear each other's burdens. Banish from our hearts all that would separate us from those around us—all narrowness of outlook, all selfish impulses, all littleness and exclusiveness and give to us the vision splendid of a human family bound together by love and fellowship into one great brotherhood. We ask these things because of thy loving kindness towards us, and for our great need's sake. *Amen.*

ANNOUNCEMENTS

VOLUNTARY

OFFERTORY

SECOND HYMN

Each in His Own Tongue

A FIRE-MIST and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,
A star-fish and a saurian,
And caves where the cave-men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite tender sky,
The ripe, rich tints of the cornfield,
And the wild geese sailing high;
And all over upland and lowland,
The charm of the golden rod;
Some of us call it Nature,
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in,
Come from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod,
Some of us call it Longing
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty.
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the Rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway trod,
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

W. H. Carruth

SERMON

THIRD HYMN

The Holier Worship

O BROTHER man! Fold to thy heart thy brother;
 Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;
 To worship rightly is to love each other,
 Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

He whom the Master loved has truly spoken:
 The holier worship which God deigns to bless
 Restores the lost, and binds the spirit broken,
 And feeds the widow and the fatherless!

Follow with reverent steps the great example
 Of him whose holy work was "doing good",
 So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
 Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

Then shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangour
 Of wild war music o'er the earth shall cease;
 Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
 And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

J. G. Whittier

BENEDICTION

MAY the peace that passeth all argument of the earth,
 the knowledge that thy Spirit is the brother of our
 own and that all men ever born are also our brothers, fill our
 hearts and lives now and for ever. *Amen.*

Second Service

THE WIDER VIEW

Opening Sentence

(To be said by the Minister, all standing)

HAVE the religions of mankind no common ground? Is there not everywhere the same enrapturing beauty beaming forth from many thousand hidden places? Broad indeed is the carpet God has spread, and beautiful the colours He has given it. . . . There is but one lamp in this house, in the rays of which, wherever I look, a bright assembly meets me. . . . O God! whatever road I take joins the highway that leads to Thee.

Sufi Scriptures. (Abulfazl)

FIRST HYMN

Father of All

FATHER of all, in every age,
 In every clime adored,
 By saint, by savage, or by sage—
 The universal Lord.

Save me alike from foolish pride
 Or impious discontent
 At aught thy wisdom hath denied
 Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe;
 To hide the faults I see;
 The mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

Where I am right, thy grace impart
 Still in the right to stay;
 Where I am wrong, O teach my heart
 To find the better way!

Not to the earth's contracted span
 Thy goodness let me bound;
 Or think thee Lord alone of man,
 When thousand worlds are round.

To thee whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
 One chorus let all beings raise,
 All nature's incense rise!

Alexander Pope (altered)

MEDITATION

(To be said by the Minister, all kneeling)

MAY that soul of mine, which mounts aloft in my waking and my sleeping hours, an ethereal spark from the light of lights, be united by devout meditation with the Spirit supremely blest and supremely intelligent!

May that soul of mine, the guide by which the lowly perform their menial work and the wise versed in science worship that soul which is the primal oblation within all creatures, be united by devout meditation with the Spirit supremely blest and supremely intelligent!

May that soul of mine, which is a ray of perfect wisdom, pure intellect, and permanent existence, the inextinguishable light set in mortal bodies, without which no good act is performed, be united by devout meditation with the Spirit supremely blest and supremely intelligent!

May that soul of mine, in whose eternal essence is comprised whatever has passed, is present, or will be hereafter, be united by devout meditation with the Spirit supremely blest and supremely intelligent!

May that soul of mine which contains all sacred scriptures and texts, as spokes held in the axle of the chariot-wheel, and into which the essence of all created forms is interwoven, be united by devout meditation with the Spirit supremely blest and supremely intelligent!

May that soul of mine, which, distributed also through others, guides mankind as the charioteer guides his steeds—the soul fixed in my breast, exempt from old age, swift in its course—be united by devout meditation with the Spirit supremely blest and supremely intelligent!

Brahmin Scriptures. (Vedas)

OUR FATHER

FIRST CANTICLE

Let us Live Happily

LET us live happily, then, though we call nothing our own! We shall become like the *bright* gods who feed on happiness.

Let us live happily, free from *ailments* among the ailing!
 Let us dwell free from afflictions, among *men* who are sick at heart.

Let us live happily, free from *care* among the busy.
 Let us dwell free from yearning *among* men who are anxious.
 Let us live happily, not *hating* those who hate us.
 Let us live free from *hatred* among men who hate.
 For never does hatred cease by hatred, hatred ceases by love, *this* is always its nature.

Let us, therefore, overcome anger by kindness, evil by *good*, falsehood by truth.
 Let us speak the truth; yield not to anger; give when asked, even from the *little* that we have.

By these things shall we *enter* the presence of the gods.

Buddhist Scriptures. (Dhammapada)

READING

SECOND CANTICLE

Three Precious Things

I HAVE *three* precious things which I hold fast and prize.
 The *first* is gentleness; the *second* is frugality;
 The *third* is humility, which keeps me from putting myself
 before others.
 Be gentle, *and* you can be bold; be frugal, *and* you can be
 liberal;
 Avoid putting yourself before others, and you *can* become a
 leader of men.
 Gentleness brings victory to *him* who attacks, and *safety* to
 him who defends.
 Those whom Heaven would save, it fences round with
 gentleness.
 The greatest conquerors are those who overcome their
 enemies without strife.

Chinese Scriptures. (Lao Tse)

READING

THIRD CANTICLE

None Liveth to Himself

(To be sung softly, all seated)

WHO is weak and I am not weak? Who is offended and
 I burn not?
 For none of us liveth to himself, and *no* man dieth to himself.
 I was hungry and *ye* gave me meat, I was *thirsty* and ye gave
 me drink.
 I was a stranger *and* ye took me in; *naked*, and ye clothed
 me.
 I was sick *and* ye visited me, I was in *prison* and ye came
 unto me.
 When saw we *thee* an hungered and fed thee, or thirsty and
 gave thee drink?
 When saw we thee a *stranger* and took thee in, or found thee
 naked and clothed thee?
 Or when saw we thee *sick* or in *prison* and came unto thee?
 Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the *least* of these
 my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

Christian Scriptures. (New Testament)

SOLO OR VOLUNTARY

(Followed by short silence)

PRAYERS

GIVE me, O God! the two desires—to see and to self-
 question. *Amen.*
Zoroastrian Scriptures. (Zendavesta)

IN the name of the merciful and compassionate God.
 Praise belongs to God, the Lord of the worlds, the merci-
 ful, the compassionate! Thee we serve and thee we ask for
 aid. Guide us in the right path. *Amen.*
Mohammedan Scriptures. (Koran)

HAIL to thee, Lord of the thrones of the earth—the
 ancient of heaven, the oldest of the earth, Lord of all
 existences, the support of all things—the One in his works.
 Hail to thee, Lord of law, maker of men, giving them life.
 Hail to thee, Lord of wisdom, Lord of mercy, most loving, at
 whose coming men live. Salutation to thee, because thou
 abidest in us. *Amen.*

Egyptian Scriptures. (Hymn to Amon)

PRESERVER of preservers! Maker of the pure! Thou
 adored by the free intelligences, who have found felicity
 and proximity to thee, and shed illumination on bodies!
 Who recallest from evil to good, of spotless purity! Lord of
 the revolutions of time, accomplishment of desires! Thou art
 exalted above all that is visible through thy resplendence;
 and nothing can be detached from thee! All pure things are
 moved by affection towards thee; pure souls repose their
 hope in thee! *Amen.*

Parsi Scriptures. (Desatir)

OH God of my fathers, the Lord of mercy, who hast made
 all things with thy word, and ordained man through
 thy wisdom, that he should have dominion over the crea-
 tures which thou hast made, and order the world according
 to equity and righteousness, and execute judgment with an

upright heart: Give me wisdom, that sitteth by thy throne, and reject me not from among thy children. O send her out of thy holy heavens, and from the throne of thy glory, that being present, she may labour with me, that I may know what is pleasing unto thee. For she knoweth and understandeth all things, and she shall lead me soberly in my doings, and preserve me in her power. So shall my works be acceptable. For what man is he who can know the counsel of God, or who can think what the will of the Lord is, except thou give wisdom? For so the ways of them which lived on the earth were reformed, and men were taught the things that are pleasing unto thee, and were saved through wisdom.
Amen.

Hebrew Scriptures. (Wisdom of Solomon)

ANNOUNCEMENTS

VOLUNTARY

OFFERTORY

SECOND HYMN

Akbar's Dream

OF each fair plant the choicest blooms I scan,
For of the garden of the King I'm free,
To wreath a crown for every Mussulman,
Brahmin and Buddhist, Christian and Parsee.

Shall rose cry unto lotus, "No flower thou"?
Palm call to cypress, "I alone am fair"?
Shall mango say to melon from his bough,
"Mine is the one fruit Allah did prepare"?

Look how the living pulse of Allah beats,
Like rhythmic music through his far-flung spheres;
And light of earth with light of heaven meets
Where'er the heart of man the Good reveres.

I hate the rancour of their castes and creeds,
I let men worship as their hearts commend.
I cull from every faith the noblest deeds,
And bravest soul for counsellor and friend.

And stone by stone I'll rear a sacred fane,
A temple, neither Pagod, Mosque nor Church,
Lofty and open-door'd, where all may gain
The blessing breathed by God on souls that search.

The sun shall rise at last when creed and race
Shall bear false witness each of each no more.
Before one altar Truth shall Peace embrace,
And Love and Justice kneeling shall adore.

A paraphrase of Tennyson's poem by Will Hayes

SERMON

THIRD HYMN

The Church Universal

ONE holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons
To serve the world raised up;
The pure in heart her baptized ones,
Love, her communion cup.

The Truth is her prophetic gift,
 The soul her sacred page,
 And feet on mercy's errand swift
 Do make her pilgrimage.

O living Church, thine errand speed;
 Fulfil thy task sublime;
 With bread of life earth's hunger feed;
 Redeem the evil time!

S. Longfellow

CLOSING PRAYER

(Persian Scriptures.—Amir Khusraü)

DO thou accept us with the children,
 O thou, our God, and the God of all!
 Show us the road that we may reach thy door,
 O thou towards whom is the way of all men!
Amen.

A NEW COMMANDMENT

Opening Sentence

(To be said by the Minister, all standing)

A NEW commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.

Jesus

FIRST HYMN

The Divine Image

TO Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love,
All pray in their distress,
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love,
Is God our Father dear;
And Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love,
Is man, His child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart;
Pity, a human face;
And Love, the human form divine;
And Peace, the human dress.

Then every man, of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine:
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love the human form,
 In heathen, Turk, or Jew,
 Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell,
 There God is dwelling too.

William Blake

CREDO

(To be said by the Minister, all standing)

I BELIEVE in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of mankind.

I believe in human nature; that the good in man is of God, and that the bad passes away.

I believe in human love; that it is the most beautiful thing in the universe, and that where love is God is.

I believe in the divinity of man; that we are all sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be.

I believe that the universe is planned for good; that an unseen tide helps every good cause.

I believe in the immortality of every good deed and every true thought.

I believe in the creative value of suffering.

I believe knowledge is the foundation of sympathy.

I believe in the satisfaction of work well done, and in the approval of those we love.

I believe in growth; that all things flow, and that no creed, religion or philosophy, no form of government or social order, no standard of beauty, no code of morals is final and perfect.

I believe in sunshine, fresh air, friendship, calm sleep and beautiful thoughts.

I believe in the awful mountains, the infinite stars and the wind blowing in from the sea.

I believe in the hawthorn when it is white, in all gentle things, and I stoop my ear to the silence of the earth.

I believe in the forest, and in the meadow, and in the night in which the corn grows.

I believe in the Now and Here.

I believe in a power that is in ourselves that makes for righteousness.

I believe that the only way to reach the Kingdom of Heaven is to have the Kingdom of Heaven in our hearts.

OUR FATHER

FIRST CANTICLE

A Psalm of Love

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of *men* and of angels: *and have not charity,*

I am become as sounding brass: *or as a tinkling cymbal.*

And though I have all *faith and all knowledge; and have not love, it profits me nothing.*

Love suffereth *long* and is kind: *love seeketh not her own.*

Beareth all things, *believeth all things; hopeth all things, for love never faileth.*

Now abideth *faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.*

Paul

READING

SECOND CANTICLE

True Love

TRUE love is but a *humble*, low-born thing,
 And hath its *food* served up in earthen ware.
 It is a thing to *walk* with, hand in hand,
 Through th' every-dayness of this work-day world,
 Baring its tender *feet* to every roughness,
 Yet letting not *one* heart-beat go astray
 From beauty's law of *plainness* and content;
 A simple *fireside* thing, whose quiet smile
 Can warm earth's poorest *hovel* to a home;
 Which, when our *autumn* cometh, as it must,
 And life in th' chill wind *shivers* bare and leafless,
 Shall still be *blest* with Indian-summer youth
 In bleak November, *and* with thankful heart
 Smile on its *ample* stores of garnered fruit,
 As full of sunshine *to* our aged eyes
 As when it *nursed* the blossoms of our spring.
 Such is true love, which *steals* into the heart
 With feet as *silent* as the lightsome dawn
 That kisses smooth the *rough* brows of the dark,
 And bath its *will* through blissful gentleness.

James Russell Lowell

READING

THIRD CANTICLE

Go Find a Heart

(To be sung softly, all seated)

SETTING out with *hope* on thy soul's pilgrimage, *unite*
 to thee what hearts thou canst.
 When thou *reaches* the sacred Presence, *bind* to thee a true
 friend:
 Know well that a hundred *holy* temples of Mecca have *not*
 the value of a heart.

Leave thy Kaaba with its holy *stone* from paradise, and *go*
 thou rather to find a heart!
 The entire world shall be populous with the benefits of that
 action of thine which *saves* one soul from despair.
 A thousand *chains* broken by thee are *less* than to have
 chained to thee by *sweetness* the heart of a free man.
 The *dogmas* admit *only* what is obliging to the deity.
 But refuse *not* that bit of bread in *thy* possession to another.
 Guard thy *tongue* from speaking evil, and seek not *injury*
 for any being;
 And *then* I undertake on my own *account* to promise thee
 paradise.

Omar Khayyám

SOLO OR VOLUNTARY

(Followed by short silence)

PRAYERS

(From "A Book of Prayers written for use in an Indian College")

FATHER,
 We thank thee for human love,
 Which in its perfection is its own guarantee of its own
 immortality,
 Its own bestower of its own deathless fruit:
 For thou, O Father, art love:
 And thou art eternal!
 And all pure love, loved in thee,
 Is for eternity.

We thank thee that, here and now,
 The barriers crumble before the divine blast of this love,
 The grave is vanquished and yields up its dead.

We thank thee that the immortal union in thee
 Hath now its marriage-bells:
 For death is life in those who love, however feebly, in *thysself*.
 Amen.

LOVER of men,
 We thank thee that thou hast made all men of one flesh,
 So that the strong may share their strength with the weak,
 The wise may share their knowledge with the simple,
 The seer of truth may share his vision with those whose eyes
 are dim.

We thank thee that none of us liveth unto himself,
 But each is for ever debtor, to thee and to his brethren.

We thank thee that there is no goodness or purity
 Which is not used in thy purposes to cleanse away evil and
 lust.

We thank thee that there is no simple loveliness
 Which is not used by thee to make all the world more
 beautiful.

We thank thee that there is no pure love
 Which thou dost not take and wield for the universal work
 of thy kingdom.

We thank thee that there is no virtue and honour
 Except the virtue and honour which are for ever at work
 in the redemption of thy world.

Amen.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

VOLUNTARY

OFFERTORY

SECOND HYMN

The One Thing Needful

DO not deceive, do not despise
 Each other anywhere.
 Do not be angry, nor should ye
 Secret resentment bear;

For as a mother risks her life
 And watches o'er her child,
 So boundless be your love for all,
 So tender, kind and mild.

Yea, cherish good-will right and left,
 All round, early and late,
 And without hindrance, without stint,
 From envy free and hate,

While standing, walking, sitting down,
 Whate'er you have in mind,
 The rule of life that's always best
 Is to be loving-kind.

Buddha

SERMON

THIRD HYMN

He Liveth Long who Liveth Well

HE liveth long who liveth well,
 All else is life but flung away;
 He liveth longest who can tell
 Of true things truly done each day.

Be what thou seemest; live thy creed;
 Hold up to earth the torch divine;
 Be what thou prayest to be made,
 Let the great Masters' steps be thine.

Fill every hour with what will last,
 Use well the moments as they go;
 The life above, when this is past,
 Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow truth if thou the true wouldst reap—
 Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
 Erect and sound thy conscience keep;
 From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
 Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
 Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
 And find a harvest-home of light.

Horatius Bonar

RE-DEDICATION

I WILL give my strong right hand to him who knows not
 the clasp of friendship.
 I will sing my sweetest songs to him who has heard nought
 but discord,
 I will give my fairest roses to him in whose life the flowers
 have never bloomed.
 I will give to the heart-hungry my life's best love.

Muriel Strode

Fourth Service

THE UNITY OF THINGS

Opening Sentences

(One or more to be said by the Minister, all standing)

THE day of days . . . is the day on which the inward eye
opens to the unity of things. *Emerson*

Your enjoyment of the world is never right till every
morning you awake in heaven. *Traherne*

He who seeth Me everywhere, and seeth everything in Me,
of him will I never lose hold, and he will never lose hold of
Me. He who, established in unity, worshippeth Me abiding
in all beings, that man cometh to Me, whatever his mode of
existence. *Bhagavad Gita*

FIRST HYMN

Lord of All Being

L ORD of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star.
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is Truth, whose warmth is Love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

O. W. Holmes

EXHORTATION

COME into the circle of Love and Justice,
Come into the Brotherhood of Pity,
Of Holiness and Health!
Come, and ye shall know Peace and Joy,
Let what ye desire of the Universe penetrate you,
Let Loving kindness and Mercy pass through you,
And Truth be the Law of your mouth.
For so ye are channels of the divine sea,
Which may not flood the earth, but only steal in
Through rifts in your souls.

Israel Zangwill

PRAYER

PEACE be unto our fellow-worshippers throughout the
world, of every church and creed and clime, who by
varied name call upon thee this day! Wherever a heart be
lifted up to thee in love of the pure and true, may it be
filled with gladness and with strength! With all who pray,
be they afar or near, on land or sea, we would join voice in
joyous adoration. *Amen.*

OUR FATHER

FIRST CANTICLE

What do we Ask of Life ?

WHAT do we ask of life, *here* or indeed hereafter,
But leave to live, *to serve*, and to commune
With our fellowmen and with ourselves;
And from the lap of earth, look *up* into the face of God?

Here the best of us through a mist of tears see *men* as trees
walking;
It is only in the land which is *afar* off yet very near
That we shall *have* fullness of sight,
And no *listening* ears listen in vain.

There is no room in my life for *avarice* or anxiety;
I who serve at the *altar* live of the altar.
All day long this *world* lies open to me;
And other worlds also *if* I will but have it so.

I feel not so much a *desire* for beauty to come,
As a great longing to open my eyes a little *wider* in this
beautiful world.
I cannot find it in my heart to *sigh* for fresh beauty
Amid these glories *of* the Lord on which I look.

What do we ask of life, *here* or indeed hereafter,
But leave to live, *to serve*, and to commune
With our fellowmen and with ourselves;
And from the lap of earth, look *up* into the face of God?

Michael Fairless

READING

SECOND CANTICLE

O World Invisible

O WORLD *invisible*, we view thee,
 O world *intangible* we touch thee,
 O world *unknowable*, we know thee,
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!

Does the fish *soar* to find the ocean,
 The eagle plunge to find the air—
 That we *ask* of the stars in motion,
 If *they* have rumour of thee there?

Not where the *wheeling* systems darken,
 And *our* benumbed conceiving soars—
 The drift of *pinions*, would we hearken,
 Beats *at* our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels *keep* their ancient places;
 Turn *but* a stone, and start a wing!
 'Tis ye, 'tis *your* estrangèd faces,
 That *miss* the many-splendoured thing.

But (when so *sad* thou canst not sadder)
 Cry—and upon thy so sore loss
 Shall shine the *traffic* of Jacob's ladder,
 Pitched *betwixt* Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the *night*, my Soul, my daughter,
 Cry—*clinging* Heaven by the hems;
 And lo, Christ *walking* on the water,
 Not of Gennesareth, but Thames!

Francis Thompson

READING

THIRD CANTICLE

Letters from God

(To be sung softly, all seated)

I HEAR and behold *God* in every object,
 Yet not in the *least* understanding Him;

Something of *God* I *see* each hour of day
 Something of *God* each moment of the hour.

In the faces of *men* and of women,
 In eyes of *children* doth He too appear;

I find letters from *God* dropt in the street
 And everyone is *signed* by the name of *God*;

And I leave them where they *are*, for I know
 Wheresoe'er I go, others will *come*, punctually for ever.
Walt Whitman (altered)

VOLUNTARY

(Followed by short silence)

PRAYERS

O LIVING and loving One, from thee we come, to thee we turn, who art more than Father and Mother to us all. May thy light lead us and thy love win us into the harmonies of law, that we may become responsive to every touch of nature, every whisper of truth, every appeal of humanity. *Amen.*

O SOUL of all souls, we thank thee that we are partakers of thy Divine Nature. We thank thee that, though we transgress thy laws and frequently lose sight of our cherished ideals, our hunger and thirst for righteousness never dies. O! that we might always be animated with thy spirit of disinterested Love. We thank thee for the inspiration that has come to us, and we pray that we may meet the daily trials of life with a sweet and courageous spirit, remembering that no star we have ever seen will cease to shine. *Amen.*

EVERY NATION KNEELING

LORD,
We would this day lay in thy hands all that we have and
are,
That our bodies and souls may become fair temples of thy
indwelling;
We desire with a great desire, O our God,
That our wills may be utterly possessed by thy will,
That our eyes may look out on this world as thy eyes look,
That our being may be filled by thy being,
That through our hearts may beat a pulse of thine eternal
love,
And in our souls may dwell a spark of thine eternal joy.

For what have we in heaven or earth but thee?
Yet, not as an external possession do we desire thee:
Come not in condescension from above:
Come not in glory and power from without:
Come not as a belief to be comprehended:
Come not as a wave of emotion, to be felt and forgotten;
But come as the indwelling spirit within our souls,
Transforming them into thine own divine nature,
Creating in them thine own joyful and loving will.

May we know with an immediate and ineffable knowledge
That in thee we live and move and have our being.
May we prove before men, in daily practice of devoted
living
In peace and joy, patience and fortitude, humility and love,
The fact that thou art our Father and their Father. *Amen.*

ANNOUNCEMENTS

VOLUNTARY

OFFERTORY

FOURTH SERVICE

SECOND HYMN

One Great Heart

BY one great Heart, the universe is stirred;
By its strong pulse, stars climb the darkening blue;
It throbs in each fresh sunset's changing hue,
And thrills through low sweet song of every bird:

By It, the plunging blood reds all men's veins;
Joy feels that Heart against his rapturous own,
And on It, sorrow breathes her sharpest groan;
It bounds through gladnesses and deepest pains.

'Tis felt in sunshine greening the soft sod,
In children's smiling, as in mother's tears;
And, for strange comfort, through the aching years,
Men's hungry souls have named that great Heart, *God!*
Margaret Deland

SERMON

THIRD HYMN

My Own Shall Come to Me

SERENE, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my barque astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
 I wait with joy the coming years;
 My heart shall reap where it has sown,
 And gather up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
 The brook that springs in yonder heights;
 So flows the good with equal law
 Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
 The tidal wave comes to the sea;
 Nor time nor space, nor deep, nor high,
 Can keep my own away from me.

John Burroughs

CLOSING PRAYER

(Annie Besant)

O HIDDEN Life, vibrant in every atom;
 O Hidden Light, shining in every creature;
 O Hidden Love, embracing all in Oneness;
 May each, who feels himself as one with Thee
 Know he is therefore one with every other.

Amen.

Fifth Service

TRUE RELIGION

Opening Sentences

(One or more to be said by the Minister, all standing)

THE best way of worshipping God is in allaying the distress of the times, and improving the condition of mankind.

Persian Scriptures

Pure religion and undefiled before the Father is this—to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world.

Christian Scriptures

Religious exercises performed to obtain reputation, or for an air of sanctity are little worth . . . Penances performed by a man attached to foolish doctrines . . . have their source in the region of shadows. The penance of the body is to be chaste; the penance of words is to speak always with truth and kindness; the penance of thought is to control the self, to purify the soul, to be disposed to benevolence.

Hindu Scriptures

FIRST HYMN

Faith in Man

O YE who with undoubting eyes,
Through present cloud and gathering storm,
Behold the span of Freedom's skies,
And sunshine soft and warm—

Press bravely onward!—not in vain
 Your generous trust in humankind;
 The good which bloodshed could not gain
 Your peaceful zeal shall find.

The truths ye urge are borne abroad
 By every wind and every tide;
 The voice of Nature and of God
 Speaks out upon your side.

The weapons which your hands have found
 Are those which Heaven itself has wrought,
 Light, Truth, and Love—your battle-ground
 The free, broad field of Thought.

No partial, selfish purpose breaks
 The simple beauty of your plan,
 Nor lie from throne or altar shakes
 Your steady faith in man.

J. G. Whittier

EXHORTATION

COMRADES in the faith, we cannot be content to spend our lives in search of comfort or power, whether for ourselves or our kindred. The noblest ends are outside our personal life. It is more important to do good than to feel good. We would not willingly die without contributing to the advance of mankind. There are causes that lack assistance. There are wrongs that need resistance. We must bring our several talents into the commonwealth of public service. We must confer with one another. We must unite our voices if we would be heard efficiently on the side of truth and right. Therefore are we gathered together at this time. We would testify our faith in human nature, our hope in the age to come, our confidence in the rule of love, our belief in the steady gain of man.

PRAYER

BEFORE thee, O Father, we would remember the community wherein we live, and pray that a loftier code of civic right be followed among us. May all party strife be merged in public-spirited enthusiasm and common desire to promote the general good. May all citizens unite in generous philanthropy which shall make the foul places clean, lift the fallen and heal the sick, be eyes to the blind and a conscience to the base, and change the sordid ways of weary feet into paths of pleasantness and peace. *Amen.*

OUR FATHER

FIRST CANTICLE

The Fast that I have Chosen

IS it such a *fast* as I have chosen—
 A day for a *man* to afflict his soul?
 Is it to bow down his *head* as a bulrush,
 And to spread *sackcloth* and ashes under him?
 Is not this the *fast* that I have chosen—
 To *loose* the bands of wickedness,
 To strike off the *fastenings* of the yoke,
 And to let the oppressed *go* free?
 Is it not to deal thy *bread* to the hungry,
 And that thou bring the *poor* that are cast out to thy house?
 When thou seest the naked, *that* thou cover him;
 And that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?

Isaiah

READING

SECOND CANTICLE

Man, the Deliverer

EAST and west went my soul to find
 Light, and the world was bare and blind,
 And the soil *herbless* where she trod
 And saw men laughing scourge mankind,
 Unsmitten *by* the rod
 Of any God.

Then "Where is *God?* and where is aid?
 Or *what* good end of these?" she said;
 "Is there no *God* or end at all,
 Nor reason with unreason weighed,
 Nor force to *disenthrall*
 Weak feet that fall?"

O fool, that *for* brute cries of wrong
 Heard *not* the grey glad Mother's song
 Ring response *from* the hills and waves,
 But heard harsh noises all day long
 Of spirits *that* were slaves
 And dwelt in graves.

With all her *tongues* of life and death,
 With *all* her bloom and blood and breath,
 From all years *dead* and all things done,
 In th' ear of man the Mother saith,
 "There is no *God*, O son,
 If thou be none."

Algernon Charles Swinburne

READING

THIRD CANTICLE

There is a Man upon the Cross!

(To be sung softly, all seated)

WHENEVER *there* is silence around me,
By day or by night,
 I am startled by the cry
 "Take me down from the cross!"

The *first* time I heard it
 I went out and searched
 Till I found a man in the *throes* of crucifixion.
 And I *said*: "I will take you down."

And I tried to take the *nails* out of his feet,
But he said: "Let be;
 For I cannot be taken down
 Till every man, every woman, and every child *come* together
 to take me down."

And I said: "But I cannot bear your cry—*what* can I do?"
 And he *said*: "Go about the world
 Telling *every* one you meet:
 "There is a man upon the cross!"

I *go* about the world
 Telling *all* the rich, and all the happy
 And all the comfortable:
 "There is a man upon the cross!"

But they all say:
 "We are sure you are mistaken;
 There was a man upon the cross two *thousand* years ago,
 But he died and was *taken* down and was buried;

And a miracle happened, so that he rose again
 And ascended into heaven, *and* is happy for evermore."
 Still I *go* about the world, saying:
 "There is a man upon the cross!"

Elizabeth Gibson Cheyney

SOLO OR VOLUNTARY

(Followed by short silence)

MEDITATION

(To be said by the Minister, all kneeling)

SEEING it is our high task and privilege to uphold all that fall and to raise up those that are bowed down—to assist all that are in danger, necessity and tribulation—let us call to mind those persons whom we ought to succour.

The lonely and sad-hearted, the forsaken and forgotten.

All sick persons in pain, weariness and anxiety.

All who have defective or perverted minds.

The ill-born and the ill-trained, who have had a childhood without joy and a youth without discipline.

All whose temper is rough in the grain and who spoil the happiness of the home by unwitting harshness.

Those who are morbid about their own sufferings or sin, who sit down and mourn instead of standing up and doing right.

All who are dejected because they cannot reach the destiny they longed for, and cannot finish the work they began.

Those who are troubled with conflicting tides of thought and who feel the weight of unintelligible things.

All who have been bereaved of relatives and friends, or are troubled by the suffering or sin of those they love.

To all these we offer ourselves, that we may be strength to the weak, comfort to the sorrowful, eyes to the blind, feet to the lame, refuge to the fearful and saviours to the sinful.

(From "Ethical Church Services")

PRAYER

O GOD, we praise thee for the dream of the golden city of peace and righteousness which has ever haunted the prophets of humanity and we pray that the dream may be realised. May we all work in the building of the City of Friends. May we see the oncoming of the Kingdom of Love, when all men shall stand side by side in equal worth and real

freedom, all toiling and all reaping, masters of nature but brothers of men, exultant in the tide of the common life, and jubilant in the adoration of thee, the source of their blessings and the Father of all. *Amen.*

ANNOUNCEMENTS

VOLUNTARY

OFFERTORY

SECOND HYMN

The Golden City

SING we of the Golden City,
Pictured in the legends old
Everlasting light shines o'er it,
Wondrous things of it are told.
Only righteous men and women
Dwell within its gleaming walls;
Wrong is banished from its borders,
Justice reigns within its halls.

We are builders of that City,
All our joys and all our groans,
Help to rear its shining ramparts,
All our lives are building-stones.
For that city we must labour,
For its sake bear pain and grief;
In it find the end of living
And the anchor of belief.

And the work that we have builded,
Oft with bleeding hands and tears,
Oft in error, oft in anguish,
Will not perish with our years:
It will last and shine transfigured,
In the final reign of right;
It will pass into the splendours
Of the City of the Light.

Felix Adler (altered)

SERMON

THIRD HYMN

The New Jerusalem

AND did those feet in ancient time
 Walk upon England's mountains green?
 And was the holy Lamb of God
 On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the Countenance Divine
 Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
 And was Jerusalem builded here
 Among these dark Satanic Mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
 Bring me my arrows of desire!
 Bring me my spear: O clouds, unfold!
 Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight,
 Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
 Till we have built Jerusalem
 In England's green and pleasant land.

William Blake

CLOSING PRAYER

O GOD, who art the Soul of all in the soul of each, hear the silent prayer of all our hearts as we pledge our time and strength and thought to speed the day of the coming of thy Kingdom here on earth. *Amen.*

*Sixth Service***THE TASK ETERNAL****Opening Sentence***(To be said by the Minister, all standing)*

HAVE the elder races halted?
 Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there
 beyond the seas?
 We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

*Walt Whitman***FIRST HYMN****Fear Not the Truth**

BE true to every inmost thought;
 Be as thy thought, thy speech;
 What thou hast not by suffering bought
 Presume thou not to teach.

Woe, woe to him on safety bent,
 Who creeps to age from youth,
 Failing to grasp his life's intent.
 Because he fears the truth.

Show forth thy light! If conscience gleam,
 Cherish the rising glow;
 The smallest spark may shed its beam
 O'er thousand hearts below.

Guard thou the fact! Though clouds of night
 Down on thy watch-tower stoop;
 Though thou shouldst see thine heart's delight
 Borne from thee by their swoop.

Face thou the wind! Though safer seem
 In shelter to abide;
 We were not made to sit and dream;
 The true must first be tried.

Henry Alford

EXHORTATION

LET there be many windows in your soul,
 That all the glory of the universe
 May beautify it. Not the narrow pane
 Of one poor creed can catch the radiant rays
 That shine from countless sources. Tear away
 The blinds of superstition; let the light
 Pour through fair windows broad as truth itself
 And high as God . . . Be not afraid
 To thrust aside half-truths and grasp the whole.

E. W. Wilcox

PRAYER

WE praise thee, Almighty God, for thine elect, the prophets and martyrs of humanity, who gave their thoughts and prayers and agonies for the truth of God and the freedom of the people. We praise thee that amid loneliness and the contempt of men, in poverty and imprisonment, when they were condemned by the laws of the mighty and buffeted on the scaffold, thou didst uphold them by thy spirit in loyalty to thy holy cause.

Our hearts burn within us as we follow the bleeding feet of thy prophets down the centuries, and count the mounts of anguish on which they were crucified. Help us to forgive the persecutors, but oh, save us from the same mistake! Grant us an unerring instinct for what is right and true, and a swift sympathy to divine those who truly love and serve the people. Suffer us not by thoughtless condemnation or selfish opposition to weaken the arm and chill the spirit of those

who strive for the uplifting of mankind. Grant us rather that we may be numbered with them. Send us forth as pathfinders of humanity to lead thy people another day's march toward the land of promise.

And if we, too, must suffer loss, and drink of the bitter pool of misunderstanding and scorn, uphold us by thy spirit in steadfastness and joy because we are found worthy to share in the work and the reward of thy saints—the Christs and Buddhas of all ages. *Amen.*

OUR FATHER

FIRST CANTICLE

On, to the City of God!

OUR highest truths are but half-truths,
 Think not to settle down for ever in any truth.
 Make use of it as a tent in which to pass a summer night,
 But build no house of it, or it will be your tomb.
 When you find the old truth irksome and confining,
 When you first have an inkling of its insufficiency,
 When you begin to descry a dim counter-truth looming up
 beyond.
 Then weep not, but give thanks.
 It is the Lord's voice, whispering:
 "Take up thy bed and walk."

Ernest Crosby

READING

SECOND CANTICLE

The Larger Bible

GOD is not dumb, that *He* should speak no more;
 If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness }
 And find'st not *Sinai*, 'tis thy soul is poor; }
 There towers the mountain *of* the Voice no less,
 Which whoso *seeks* shall find: but he who bends,
 Intent on manna *still* and mortal ends,
 Sees it not, *neither* hears its thundered lore.

Slowly the Bible *of* the race is writ,
 And not on *paper* leaves nor leaves of stone;
 Each age, each kindred, *adds* a verse to it,
 Texts of *despair* or hope, of joy or moan.
 While swings the sea, while *mists* the mountains shroud,
 While thunder's surges burst on cliffs of cloud, }
 Still at the *prophet's* feet the nations sit. }
James Russell Lowell

READING

THIRD CANTICLE

The Bridge-Builders

I HEAR a sound of feet, a thousand times ten thousand,
and they beat this way!
 They are the *feet* of those that shall follow you.
 Lead on! make a *track* to the water's edge!
 Where you stand now the ground will be beaten flat by ten
thousand times ten thousand feet.
 Have you seen the locusts *how* they cross a stream?
 First one comes down to the *water's* edge, and is swept away,
 And then another comes and then another, *and* then another,
 And at last with their bodies piled up a *bridge* is built and the
 rest pass over.

And of those that come first, some are swept away, *and* are
 heard of no more;
 Their bodies *do* not even build the bridge?
 And are swept away, and are heard of no *more*—and what of
 that?
 They *make* a track to the water's edge.
 Over that bridge that shall be built with our *bodies*, who will
 pass?
 The entire human race.

Olive Schreiner

SOLO OR VOLUNTARY

(Followed by short silence)

PRAYERS

(From "A Book of Prayers written for use in an Indian College",

LORD of life and death,
 We thank thee for the great adventure of life,
 With its untold possibilities,
 Its incalculable chances,
 Its mighty opportunities.

We thank thee that—if we have thee with us—
 There is no monotony or weariness in the world:
 But we go on—for ever exploring and adventuring,
 Across new seas where ship has never sailed before;
 Through trackless forests where human foot has never
 trodden,
 Over towering mountain-ranges,
 Whence we look forth upon new expanses of wonder
 Heretofore unseen by the eye of man.

We thank thee that, to those who love thee,
 The best is ever yet to be.

Amen

LORD and King,
 We pray thee this day for courage to face unpopularity
 for the sake of truth:
 For courage to declare boldly our convictions, though they
 make us despised:
 For courage to break with evil custom and evil opinion,
 Even though for so doing we are shunned and outcast.

Give us strong hearts that will not fear what any man may
 do unto us,
 Confident in the power of truth—
 Truth unsupported by numbers or resources—
 To establish itself supreme by its own inherent force,
 Sovereign over all benighted and reactionary opposition.

Give us the courage of soul which can scorn the possession of
 a good name amongst men,
 Content to be alone with thee in the right,
 Victorious over weak and craven sensitiveness to popular
 opinion;
 Give us, O Lord, the spirit of boldness, that we may trample
 on our fear of our fellows,
 Being strong in thee and very courageous.

Amen

ANNOUNCEMENTS

VOLUNTARY

OFFERTORY

SECOND HYMN

My High Allegiance

O STAR of Truth, down shining
 Through clouds of doubt and fear,
 I ask but 'neath your guidance
 My pathway may appear.
 However long the journey,
 How hard soe'er it be,
 Though I be lone and weary,
 Lead on, I'll follow thee!

I know thy blesséd radiance
 Can never lead astray,
 However ancient custom
 May tread some other way.
 E'en if through untrod deserts
 Or over trackless sea,
 Though I be lone and weary,
 Lead on, I'll follow thee!

The bleeding feet of martyrs
 Thy toilsome road have trod;
 But fires of human passion
 May light the way to God.
 Then, though my feet should falter,
 While I thy beams can see,
 Though I be lone and weary,
 Lead on, I'll follow thee!

Though loving friends forsake me
 Or plead with me in tears;
 Though angry focs may threaten
 To shake my soul with fears;
 Still to my high allegiance
 I must not faithless be:
 Through life or death, for ever
 Lead on, I'll follow thee.

Minot J. Savage

SERMON

THIRD HYMN

Fears may be Liars

SAY not, the struggle nought availeth,
 The labour and the wounds are vain;
 The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
 And as things have been, they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
 It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
 Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
 And but for you possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
 Seem's here no painful inch to gain,
 Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
 Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
 When daylight comes, comes in the light;
 In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
 But westward, look! the land is bright.

Arthur Hugh Clough

CLOSING PRAYER

(John Galsworthy)

GOD of the moon and the sun, of joy and beauty, of loneliness and sorrow—give us strength to go on, till we love every living thing! *Amen.*

Seventh Service

LIFE IS SWEET

Opening Sentences

(One or both to be said by the Minister, all standing)

LIFE is sweet, brother. . . . There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon, and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath.

George Borrow

I know that I am. I know that Another is who knows more than I, who takes interest in me, whose creature, and yet whose kindred, in one sense, am I. I know that the enterprise is worthy. I know that things work well. I have heard no bad news.

Henry David Thoreau

FIRST HYMN

The Earth and Man

A LITTLE sun, a little rain,
A soft wind blowing from the west—
And woods and fields are sweet again
And warmth within the mountain's breast.

So simple is the earth we tread,
So quick with love and life her frame,
Ten thousand years have dawned and fled,
And still her magic is the same.

A little love, a little trust,
A soft impulse, a sudden dream—
And life as dry as desert dust
Is fresher than a mountain stream.

So simple is the heart of man,
 So ready for new hope and joy;
 Ten thousand years since it began
 Have left it younger than a boy.

Stopford A. Brooke

A Rosary of Things Beautiful

(To be said by the Minister, all standing)

BEAUTIFUL is the blue unclouded weather that follows after rain.

Beautiful is the brimming river that slides through quiet meadows, with sleepy pools and dimpled eddies and whispering reeds.

Beautiful is the flying moon that gleams and hides in a dappled sky.

Beautiful is the wheat where crimson poppies burn, the brown waves of ripening corn, the glory of forest leaves and orchards hung with fruit.

Beautiful is the return of the swallow, the cooing of doves in the tree-tops, and the skylark throwing down his shower of melody.

Beautiful are the mist and the rain, the sere woods, the troubled clouds and the storm and the hoar frost and the virgin snow.

Beautiful is the work of man, though black with smoke and slag.

Beautiful are the city streets with their carnival of eagerness and joy.

Beautiful is fine machinery with gleaming steel and brass and whirling shafts, the perfect brotherhood of part with part.

Beautiful is the form of a ship on the sea, the red sails of the fisher and the great liner.

Beautiful are the granite wharves, the water gates and stalwart bridges.

Beautiful is the flow of commerce, the ceaseless traffic of oils and fruits and fibres.

Beautiful are the smelting fires that blaze from their towers a gush of glory into the night.

Beautiful is the sight of children at play.

Beautiful is the croon of a mother over her child.

Beautiful are the feet and hands of the new-born babe.

Beautiful is the love of the strong for the helpless, beautiful is the love born of gratitude, and still more beautiful is the love that knows not how it arose.

Beautiful are the dreams that visit the lovers of mankind.

(From "Ethical Church Services")

OUR FATHER

FIRST CANTICLE

One who went Singing

ONE who went singing on the long highroad
 Upon his *shoulders* bore a heavy load.

A sobbing child *delayed* him with its clinging—
 Tender, *low* and strangely sweet his singing.

And when he shared a *drooping* comrade's ills,
 His song rose *cheerily* to meet the hills.

A woman walked *beside* him for a space;
 He bore her *load*, and matched her feeble pace.

Then labourers in *distant* fields stood still
 To hear his *song*, and felt their hearts athrill.

Footsore, he plodded *on* through evening dew;
 Yet still his *song* rose bravely to the blue.

May Turner

READING

SECOND CANTICLE

The Green Book of the Bards

THERE is a book not written by *any* human hand,
The prophets all have *studied*, the priests have always
banned.

I read it every morning, I *ponder* it by night;
And death shall *overtake* me trimming my humble light,

New verses to decipher, new *chapters* to explore,
While loveliness and *wisdom* grow ever more and more.

For who could ever *tire* of that wild legendry,
The folklore of the *mountains*, the drama of the sea?

I pore for days together *over* some lost refrain,
The epic of the *thunder*, the lyric of the rain.

This was the creed and *canon* of Whitman and Thoreau
And all the free *believers* who worshipped long ago.

Here Amiel in sadness, and *Burns* in pure delight,
Sought for the hidden *import* of man's eternal plight.

Here are the marks of greatness *accomplished* without noise,
The Elizabethan *vigour*, and the Landorian poise;

The sweet Chaucerian temper, *smiling* at all defeats,
The gusty moods of *Shelley*, the autumn calms of Keats.

Here was derived the *gospels* of Emerson and John;
'Twas with this *revelation* the face of Moses shone.

Here Blake and Job and Omar the *author's* meaning traced,
Here Virgil got his *sweetness*, and Arnold his unbaste.

Here Horace learned to question, and *Browning* to reply,
When Soul stood up on *trial* for her mortality.

And all these lovely spirits, who *read* in the great book,
Then went away in *silence* with their illumined look.

Bliss Carman

READING

THIRD CANTICLE

The Absorbing Soul

THERE is no *great* and no small
To the Soul that maketh all:
And where it *cometh*, all things are;
And it *cometh* everywhere.

I am the *owner* of the sphere,
Of the *seven* stars and the solar year,
Of *Cæsar's hand*, and Plato's brain,
Of *Lord Christ's heart*, and Shakespeare's strain.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

SOLO OR VOLUNTARY

(Followed by short silence)

PRAYERS

WE will sing unto thee, O Lord, a new song; we will
praise thee for thy goodness unto the children of men:
for thou who hast given power unto the faint wilt quicken in
us the spirit of wisdom and of might, the spirit of hope and
joy. In all times of sorrow and in all times of burden bearing
thou wilt keep our hearts from failing and our minds from
fear: thy mercy and thy loving kindness endure for ever
and none of them that put their trust in thee shall be deso-
late. O thou lover of souls, keep our faith in thee supreme,
we pray thee, so that in all our days we may be full of cheer
and in all our nights we may know thy peace. *Amen.*

O GOD, we thank thee for this universe, our great home;
for its vastness and its riches, and for the manifold-
ness of the life which teems upon it and of which we are part.
We praise thee for the arching sky and the blessed winds,
for the driving clouds and the constellations on high. We

EVERY NATION KNEELING

praise thee for the salt sea and the running water, for the everlasting hills, for the trees, and for the grass under our feet. We thank thee for our senses by which we can see the splendour of the morning, and hear the jubilant songs of love, and smell the breath of the springtime. Grant us, we pray thee, a heart wide open to all this joy and beauty, that we pass not heedless and unseeing when the thorn-bush by the wayside is aflame with the glory of God. And when our use of this world is over and we make room for others, may we not leave anything ravished by our greed or spoiled by our ignorance, but may we hand on our common heritage fairer and sweeter through our use of it, undiminished in fertility and joy, that so our bodies may return in peace to the Great Mother and our spirits may round the circle of a perfect life in thee. *Amen.*

ANNOUNCEMENTS

VOLUNTARY

OFFERTORY

SECOND HYMN

Lie Open Soul!

LIE open, Soul! Around thee press
A thousand things divine;
All glory and all holiness
Are waiting to be thine.

Lie open, Soul! Be swift to catch
Each glory ere it flies;
Life's hours are charged, to those that watch,
With heavenly messages.

Lie open, Soul! The Beautiful
That all things doth embrace,
Shall every passion sweetly lull
And clothe thee in her grace.

SEVENTH SERVICE

Lie open, Soul! The great and wise
About thy portal throng;
The wealth of souls before thee lies,
Their gifts to thee belong.

Lie open, Soul! In watchfulness
Each brighter glory win;
The Infinite thy peace shall bless,
And God shall enter in.

Herbert New

SERMON

THIRD HYMN

Crossing the Bar

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;
For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

Tennyson

ASPIRATION

I WOULD be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

I would be friend of all—the foe—the friendless;
I would be giving, and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift.

Howard Arnold Walter

Eighth Service

THE WORLD IS ONE

Opening Sentences

(One or more to be said by the Minister, all standing)

ONE is your Father, and all ye are brethren.

Jesus

Patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness for anyone.

Edith Cavell

As a mother so long as she lives watches over her only child, so among all beings let boundless goodwill, unmingled with enmity, prevail throughout the world.

Buddha

The narrow-minded ask, "Is this one of our tribe, or is he a stranger?" But to those who are of a noble disposition the whole world is but one family.

Panchatantra

FIRST HYMN

Come Kingdom of Our God

COME kingdom of our God,
 Sweet reign of light and love!
 Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
 And wisdom from above.

Over our spirits first
 Extend thy healing reign;
 There raise and quench the sacred thirst
 That never pains again.

Come kingdom of our God,
 And make the broad earth thine!
 Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
 That flowers with grace divine.

Soon may all tribes be blest
 With fruit from life's glad tree;
 And in its shade like brothers rest,
 Sons of one family.

Come kingdom of our God!
 And raise thy glorious throne
 In worlds by the undying trod,
 Where God shall bless his own.

J. Johns

EXHORTATION

BROTHERS and sisters, we have not come together in dull habit, nor in slavish obedience to propriety; but in friendship with one another and because we would remember the larger kinship of the human race. To us the thought of a united human family is more than an idle fancy. It is a gleam of what ought to be, a summons to us out of the heart of man, bidding us build the City of the Light. We believe in the ultimate triumph of good over evil, of love over hatred, and we would live in love and charity with all men. As citizens of the world, we would look above the walls of nationality and clasp brother hands. Realising that the world is one, we would refuse the lesser goals, cultivating in our hearts that "worthy country love that loves mankind." We would "strive for peace with passion of heroic energy", knowing that in peace we may find "urging and scope for all of mankind's best", and seeing

" the shame of any deed
 That brings a tear to one poor little child,
 Or rends with anguish one poor woman's heart."

PRAYER

ETERNAL Goodness, of one hast thou made all people that dwell upon the earth. Help us to live in peace with our brethren and in goodwill toward all men. We would work and pray for the coming of the reign of righteousness upon earth, for stricter equity between man and man, for a closer fraternity between all sections of the human race. We would have war cease in amity, and the nations dwell together in helpful confidence, and bring nearer the day of federation into one family of all mankind. *Amen.*

OUR FATHER

FIRST CANTICLE

God's Purpose

MY spirit has pass'd in compassion and determination
around the whole earth,
 I have looked for equals and lovers and found them *ready*
for me in all lands.
 Lo, soul, seest thou not God's *purpose* from the first?
 The *earth* to be spann'd, connected by network,
 The races, neighbours, to marry *and* be given in marriage,
 The oceans *to* be cross'd, the distant brought near,
 The *lands* to be welded together,
 Europe to Asia, Africa *join'd*, and they to the New World,
 The lands, geographies, dancing before you, *holding* a fes-
tival garland,
 As *brides* and bridegrooms hand in hand.

Walt Whitman

READING

SECOND CANTICLE

A Song of Peace

SOUND over all waters, reach *out* from all lands,
The *chorus* of voices, the clasping of hands;
Repeat the glad *song* that the angels began,
Of peace on *earth* and goodwill toward *man*.

Sing the bridal of *nations!* with chorals of love;
Sing out the *war-vulture* and sing in the dove,
Till the hearts of the peoples *keep* time in accord,
And the *voice* of the world is the voice of the Lord!

Blow, bugles of *battle*, the marches of peace;
East, west, north, and *south* let the long quarrel cease:
Sing the song of great *joy* that the angels began,
Sing of glory to *God* and of goodwill to *man!*

With glad jubiliations *bring* hope to the nations!
The dark night is *ending* and dawn has begun:
Rise, hope of the *ages*, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to *music*, all hearts beat as one!
J. G. Whittier (altered)

READING

THIRD CANTICLE

The Beatitudes

(*To be sung softly, all seated*)

BLESSED are they that mourn: *for* they shall be comforted.
Blessed are the meek; *for* they shall inherit the earth.
Blessed are they that do *hunger* and thirst after righteousness:
for they shall be filled.
Blessed are the merciful: *for* they shall obtain mercy.
Blessed are the pure in heart: *for* they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: *for they* shall be called the children of God.
Blessed are they that are *persecuted* for righteousness' sake:
for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Jesus

SOLO OR VOLUNTARY

(*Followed by short silence*)

MEDITATION

(*To be said by the Minister, all kneeling*)

AS we yearn for the coming of the Kingdom of God, let us remember with thoughts of love all the peoples of the earth.

For one is our Father and all we are brethren.

Let us never forget that in drawing closer to our fellow-men we draw closer to God, the source of all life.

For one is our Father and all we are brethren.

Let us remember our responsibility for child races, for outcast tribes, for the backward and the downtrodden, the ignorant, the wretched and the enslaved.

For one is our Father and all we are brethren.

Let us be free from social wrong, free from individual oppression and contempt, pure of heart and hand, despising none, defrauding none, giving to all men the honour we owe to all the sons of God, whatever their colour, their race or creed.

For one is our Father and all we are brethren.

This moment as we kneel here yearning and thoughtful, let us remember that there are other men in other lands yearning and thoughtful. In imagination we may look over and behold them in Germany, Italy, France, Spain, or far, far away in China, or in Russia or Japan talking other dialects. If we could know those men we should become attached to them as we do to men in our own lands. O I know we should be brethren and lovers. I know we should be happy with them.

For one is our Father and all we are brethren.

EVERY NATION KNEELING

PRAYER

(From "A Book of Prayers written for use in an Indian College")

KING of the whole earth,
Break down, we beseech thee, by thy great power,
All those barriers which do now keep mankind asunder;
Overcome the boundaries of race, of custom, and of prejudice;
Drive out all those adverse influences which now mar our
union.

Foster throughout thy world
Every movement of thought, of activity, of goodwill,
Which tends, for whatever motive and in whatever sphere,
To break down isolation and exclusiveness,
To unite men in common enterprise and service,
To build up Co-operation and Interdependence.

Amen.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

VOLUNTARY

OFFERTORY

SECOND HYMN

Mankind are One in Spirit

WHEN a deed is done for Freedom,
Through the broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic,
Trembling on from east to west,
And the slave, where'er he cowers,
Feels the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood,
As the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed
On the thorny stem of Time.

EIGHTH SERVICE

Through the walls of hut and palace
Shoots the instantaneous throe
When the travail of the ages
Wrings earth's systems to and fro;
At the birth of each new era,
With a recognising start,
Nation wildly looks at nation,
Standing with mute lips apart,
And glad Truth's mightier man-child
Leaps beneath the Future's heart.

For mankind are one in spirit,
And an instinct bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle,
The swift flash of right or wrong.
Whether conscious or unconscious,
Yet Humanity's vast frame,
Through its ocean-sundered fibres,
Feels the gush of joy or shame;
In the gain or loss of one race
All the rest have equal claim.

James Russell Lowell

SERMON

THIRD HYMN

A Vision of the Future

THESE things shall be: a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise
With flame of freedom in their souls,
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

Nation with nation, land with land,
Inarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

Man shall love man with heart as pure
And fervent as the young-eyed throng,
Who chant their heavenly psalms before
God's face with undiscordant song.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song
When all the earth is paradise.

There shall be no more sin nor shame,
Though pain and passion may not die;
For man shall be at one with God
In bonds of firm necessity.

J. A. Symonds

CLOSING PRAYER

O THOU strong Father of all nations, draw all thy great family together with an increasing sense of our kinship and destiny, that peace may come on earth at last, and that the sun may shed its light rejoicing on a holy brotherhood of peoples. *Amen.*

Ninth Service

CATHOLICITY

Opening Sentences

(One or more to be said by the Minister, all standing)

IT were better to be of no church than to be bitter for any.
William Penn

He who is beloved of God honours every form of religious faith.

Buddhist Scriptures

The paths to God are more in number than the breathings of created beings.

Persian Scriptures

Altar flowers are of many species, but all Worship is one; systems of Faith are different, but God is one.

Hindu Apothegm

He drew a circle that shut me out—
 Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
 But Love and I had the wit to win:
 We drew a circle that took him in!

Edwin Markham

FIRST HYMN

The Law of Love

MAKE channels for the streams of love,
 Where they may broadly run;
 And love has overflowing streams,
 To fill them everyone.

But if at any time we cease
 Such channels to provide,
 The very founts of love for us
 Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep,
That blessing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have—
Such is the law of love.

R. C. Trench

EXHORTATION

DIVERSITY of worship has divided the human race into many sects. From all their dogmas let us select one—Divine Love. Amid all the conflict of opinions there sounds through all the world one consenting law and idea—that there is One God, the Ruler and Father of all. And God is Love. For our help and joy we may know that within his circle, the centre of which is everywhere, God shows himself as beauty, truth and goodness, and love being made manifest, pressing to be known more and more. He is in all our brothers and sisters of the common life. Let us remember that wherever men and women at this hour are seeking above all else to cultivate purity of heart and strenuousness in well-doing, they and we, whatever our differences, are of one spiritual fellowship. And let us love one another, for so we shall learn to love God.

PRAYER

ALL-PERVADING Presence, the boundless realms of space cannot wholly tabernacle thee. Yet in us and our brethren hath thy word become flesh, bearing witness that we are children of God. May we purify our bodies and enlighten our minds into fit temples of thy Spirit, that we may offer the gift of a clean heart and holy living. *Amen.*

OUR FATHER

FIRST CANTICLE

Glad Tidings

THE spirit of the Lord is upon me—
Because he hath anointed me to *preach* the gospel to
the poor;
He hath sent me to *heal* the broken-hearted,

To preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight
to the blind,
To set at *liberty* them that are bruised,
To preach the *acceptable* year of the Lord.
To give unto them that *mourn* a garland for ashes—
The oil of joy for mourning, the garment of *praise* for the
spirit of heaviness;
That they might be *called* trees of righteousness—
The planting of the *Lord*, that he might be glorified.
For as the *earth* bringeth forth her bud,
And as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to
come forth;
So the Lord God will cause *righteousness* and praise
To *spring* forth before all nations.

Isaiah

READING

SECOND CANTICLE

The Path to Heavenly Birth

FEARLESSNESS, singleness of soul,
The *will* always to strive for wisdom;
Opened *hand* and governed appetites;
And *piety* and love of lonely study;
Humbleness, uprightiness, heed to *injure* nought which lives,
Truthfulness, slowness unto wrath,
A mind that lightly letteth *go* what others prize,
And equanimity and *charity* which spieth no man's faults;
And tenderness towards all that suffer;
A contented *heart*, fluttered by no desires;
A bearing *mild*, modest and grave,
With manhood nobly mixed,
With patience, *fortitude* and purity;
An unrevengful spirit, never *given* to rate itself too high—
Such be the signs of *him* whose feet are set
On that fair *path* which leads to heavenly birth!

Bhagavad Gita

READING

THIRD CANTICLE

Buddhist Beatitudes

(To be sung softly, all seated)

NOT to serve the foolish, *but* to serve the wise;
To honour those worthy of *honour*—this is the greatest blessing.

Much insight and education, self-control and pleasant speech,
And whatever word be well *spoken*—this is the greatest blessing.

To live righteously, *to* give help to kindred,
To follow a peaceful *calling*—this is the greatest blessing.

To be long-suffering and meek, to *abhor* and cease from evil,
Not to be weary in well *doing*—this is the greatest blessing.

To be gentle, to be *patient* under reproof,
To be charitable, act *virtuously*—this is the greatest blessing.

Reverence and *humility*, contentment and *gratitude*,
To be pure, to be *temperate*—this is the greatest blessing.

To dwell in a pleasant land with *right* desires in the heart,
To bear the remembrance of good *deeds*—this is the greatest blessing.

Beneath the stroke of life's changes, the *mind* that shaketh
not,
Without grief or *passion*—this is the greatest blessing.

On every side are invincible *they* who do acts like these,
On every side they walk in *safety*—and theirs is the greatest blessing.

Buddha

SOLO OR VOLUNTARY

(Followed by short silence)

PRAYERS

ETERNAL Spirit who hast thy home in the heart of each of us, help us to live at peace with our souls, disturbing no string on the harp of a thousand chords, but attuning all to harmony, and in our life living one great triumphant hymn to thee. *Amen.*

LOVE, whose smile kindles the universe, out of marvel at its wondrous loveliness, grows our delight in thee, its indwelling Life. As part of thy living vesture, every wayside flower becomes sacred, and the stars look down like eyes of God. In this vast temple of Beauty where thou hast thy shrine, we pray that our place be hallowed more and more by constant growth in the beauty of Holiness. *Amen.*

THOU great Spirit of life and power, we come to thee in trust and love. Though we cannot fathom the mystery of thy life nor measure the might of thy power, yet we have learned to call thee Father. Give us growth of spiritual wisdom, that with the passing years we may enter into the fullness of this our faith. Grant that we may see the divine light which shines in the faces of the men and women and children we meet every day. And as thou speakest to us in love may our love go out to all thy children, linking us together in one bond of fellowship and peace. *Amen.*

FATHER of all mankind, thy people of every clime, of every creed wait upon thee. In thought of our common origin, all diversity is lost, and sense of our human brotherhood alone remains. Of thy one light of Truth, teach us to see, in every religion a several ray. Inspire our souls with love of the good in every form, that we may keep our temple always open-doored to every breath of Heaven, where Truth and Peace may come to dwell, and prepare a way for the Universal Church, broad as are the needs of man, and lofty as the love of God. *Amen.*

ANNOUNCEMENTS

VOLUNTARY

OFFERTORY

SECOND HYMN

The Greatest Thing in the World

MIGHTY Spirit, gracious Guide!
 Let thy light in us abide;
 Light supreme o'er all beside—
 Holy, heavenly love.

Faith that mountains can remove,
 Tongues of earth and heaven above,
 Knowledge—all things—empty prove,
 Without heavenly love.

Though I as a martyr bleed,
 Give my goods the poor to feed,
 All is vain if love I need—
 Therefore, give me love.

Love is kind, and suffers long;
 Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;
 Love than death itself more strong—
 Therefore give us love.

Prophecy will fade away,
 Melting in the light of day;
 Love will ever with us stay;
 Therefore give us love.

Faith will vanish into sight,
 Hope be emptied in delight;
 Love in heaven will shine more bright—
 Therefore give us love.

Faith and hope and love we see
 Joining hand in hand agree;
 But the greatest of the three,
 And the best, is love.
Christopher Wordsworth (altered)

SERMON

THIRD HYMN

Gather us in!

GATHER us in, thou Love that fillest all;
 Gather the rival faiths within thy fold;
 Throughout the nations sound the clarion call:
 Beneath Love's banner all shall be enrolled!

Gather us in; we worship only thee;
 In varied names we stretch a common hand;
 In diverse forms a common soul we see;
 In many ships we seek one spirit land.

Thine is the mystic life great India craves;
 Thine is the Parsee's sin-destroying beam;
 Thine is the Buddhist's rest from tossing waves;
 Thine is the empire of vast China's dream.

Thine is the Roman's strength without his pride;
 Thine is the Greek's glad world without its graves;
 Thine is Judæa's law with love beside,
 Thine is the Christian's faith—the grace that saves.

Some seek a Father in the heaven above;
 Some ask a human image to adore;
 Some crave a spirit, vast as life and love;
 Within thy mansions, we have all and more.

Gather us in, thou Love that fillest all;
 Gather the rival faiths within thy fold;
 Throughout the nations sound the clarion call;
 Beneath Love's banner all shall be enrolled!

G. Matheson (altered)

BENEDICTION

O PERFECT Life, who hast kept our path and made light for us in the darkness, tempering sorrow so that it reached us like a solemn joy, bathe us in Light and Love, and grant us the blessedness of well-doing and the peace that endureth. *Amen.*

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO THIS MOMENT

Opening Sentences

(One or both to be said by the Minister, all standing)

I EXPECT to pass through this world but once. Any good therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow creature, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

Anon.

Wouldst thou know whose happy dwelling
Fortune entereth unknown?
He who, careless of her favour,
Standeth fearless in his own;
He who for the vague tomorrow
Bartereth not the sun today—
Master of himself, and sternly
Steadfast to the righteous way.

Hitopadesa

FIRST HYMN

The Eternal Now

THIS moment's thine, 'tis all thou hast,
Rich blessings it can give—
Like patriarch's angel, hold it fast,
And in it live.

Like warp and woof, all destinies
 In one are woven fast,
 Each linked to each as are the keys
 Of organ vast.

Pluck out one thread, the web ye mar;
 Break but a single one
 Of those linked keys, the paining jar
 Through all will run.

O restless spirit! wherefore strain
 Beyond thy natural sphere,
 For heaven and hell, their joy and pain
 Are now and here.

Back to thyself is measured well
 Whatever thou hast given;
 Thy neighbour's wrong, thy present hell,
 His bliss, thy heaven.

What is to be and what is done,
 O wherefore askest thou?
 Time past and time to be are one,
 And both are now.

J. G. Whittier (altered)

EXHORTATION

BRAVE heart, arise! Be free from every chain, though it
 be glittering with gold. Be nobly courageous! Follow the
 true bride of thy life, even if her name be sorrow. Let the
 shell perish, that the pearl may appear.

O man! who are the universe in little, cease for a moment
 from thy absorption in loss and gain. Take one draught from
 the hands of Him who offers the cup of creation to thy lips;
 and so free thyself from the cares of this world and anxiety
 about another.

The earth is all enchanted ground. With its light and
 shadow, its ebb and flow, it is all Thine, Thou Supreme
 Wisdom!

Look upon yon bush flaming with roses, like the burning
 bush of Moses! Listen! If thy soul be not deaf, thou wilt
 hear the voice of the Lord speaking to thee, softly and
 clearly, from out that bush.

The roses live on dew and sunshine direct from heaven.
 They never inquire concerning Moses. Why should you?

Persian Scriptures

PRAYER

ETERNAL God, we thank thee for each day with its
 opportunities for life and service, and we pray for new
 strength to do each day's work and to live its life. We thank
 thee for landmarks passed and for new vistas opening ahead,
 and we pray that in the present moment we may come
 closer to the great Heart of the Eternal, that we may feel
 our kinship with thee and with each other. *Amen.*

OUR FATHER

FIRST CANTICLE

Look to this Day!

LOOK to this day!

For it is *life*, the very life of life.

In its brief *course* lie all the varieties

And *realities* of your existence;

The bliss of growth,

The glory of action, the splendour of beauty.

For *yesterday* is but a dream,

And to-morrow is only a vision,

But to-day well-lived makes every *yesterday* a dream of
 happiness

And *every* to-morrow a vision of hope.

From the Sanskrit

READING

SECOND CANTICLE

Where Lies the Land ?

WHERE lies the land to *which* the ship would go?
 Far, far *ahead*, is all her seamen know.
 And where the *land* she travels from? Away,
 Far, far *behind*, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
 Linked arm in *arm*, how pleasant here to pace;
 Or, o'er stern *reclining*, watch below
 The foaming *wake* far widening as we go.

On stormy nights when *wild* north-westerns rave,
 How proud a *thing* to fight with wind and wave!
 The dripping sailor *on* the reeling mast
 Exults to *bear*, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to *which* the ship would go?
 Far, far *ahead*, is all her seamen know.
 And where the *land* she travels from? Away,
 Far, far *behind*, is all that they can say.

Arthur Hugh Clough.

READING

THIRD CANTICLE

Friends of God

WE men of *earth* have here the stuff
 Of *Paradise*. We have enough.
 We need no *other* stones to build
 The *stairs* on to the Unfulfilled;
 No other *ivory* for the doors—
 No *other* marble for the floors—
 No other *cedar* for the beam
 And *dome* of Man's Immortal Dream.

For each true deed is *worship*; it is prayer,
 And carries *its* own answer unaware.
 Yes, they whose feet upon good errands run
 Are friends of *God*, with Michael of the sun;
 Yes, each accomplished *service* of the day
 Paves for the *feet* of God a lordlier way.
 The souls that love and *labour* through all wrong,
 They clasp His *hand* and make the Circle strong;
 They lay the deep foundation stone by stone,
 And build *into* Eternity God's throne!

Edwin Markham

SOLO OR VOLUNTARY

(Followed by short silence)

PRAYERS

DIVINE Spirit and Soul of this day, we thank thee for
 the possibilities of each hour. Show us thy purpose; or,
 if it please thee, withhold the entire plan, yet may our faith
 claim a divine sanction for each hour's work as part of the
 fulfilment of thy purpose. Grant us the happiness of harmony
 with thee, that here on earth we may enter thy Kingdom of
 blessedness. *Amen.*

HEAVENLY Father, we turn to thee for inspiration, that
 in all our duties we may live to the full height of the
 faculties that thou hast given. Help us to know what is
 right and to follow it day by day. Grant that our toils may
 be acts of service as sacramental as our prayer. Remember-
 ing that we are thy children, may our duties weigh with such
 sacredness upon our hearts that we may shun the evil way
 as unworthy those so richly endowed and blest. Write, we
 pray thee, thy law within our hearts, and in our weakness
 give us of thy calm strength. *Amen.*

TEACH us, O Lord, to use this world wisely and faithfully and well. In its daily duties and trials may we find the school for wisdom and goodness. May we learn by every trial that thou sendest, and be strengthened by every cross; and when we stoop in sadness to drink bitter waters, may we rise refreshed and invigorated. Withhold from us what is evil, though we beg mightily for it, and with tears and prayers. Help us to live in unity with our brother men, reconciling our interests with theirs by faithfully discharging every duty, by patiently bearing with their weakness or strength, and by endeavouring to love them as we love ourselves. Teach us, Father, to love the unlovely, to love those who evil entreat us, to toil for those who are burdens in the world, and to seek to save them from ignorance and wickedness, and to hasten that time when all men shall recognise and obey the law of brotherhood. *Amen.*

ANNOUNCEMENTS

VOLUNTARY

OFFERTORY

SECOND HYMN

The Calm of Holier Days

ALL grows, says Doubt, all falls, decays and dies;
There is no second life for flower or tree:
O suffering soul, be humble and be wise,
Nor dream new worlds have any need of thee!

And yet, cries Hope, the world is deep and wide;
And the full circle of our life expands,
Broadening and brightening, on an endless tide
That ebbs and flows between these mystic lands.

Not endless life, but endless love I crave,
The gladness and the calm of holier springs,
The hope that makes men resolute and brave,
The joyful life in the great life of things.

The soul that loves and works will need no praise;
But, fed with sunlight and with morning breath,
Will make our common days eternal days,
And fearless greet the mild and gracious death.

W. M. W. Call

SERMON

THIRD HYMN

Lead Kindly Light!

LEAD, kindly light! Amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet: I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Should'st lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path, but now—
Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years!

So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn, those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

J. H. Newman

BENEDICTION

THE blessing of the Just and Merciful, your own Love of Righteousness, and the Eternal Order of Things, be your strength and peace now and for ever. *Amen.*

Eleventh Service

TRUTH AT A DISTANCE

Opening Sentences

(One or more to be said by the Minister, all standing)

THE ideal is only truth at a distance.

Lamartine

Where there is no vision the people perish.

Proverbs

In the deep cave of the heart, far down, running under the outward shows of the world and of people, running under continents, under the fields and the roots of the grasses and trees, under the little thoughts and dreams of men, and the history of races, I see, feel and hear wondrous and divine things. I seem to see the strands of affection and love, so tender, so true and life-long, holding together the past and present generations—the currents of love and thought streaming in the watches of the night from far and near, from one to another. I dream that these are the fibres and nerves of a body that lies within the outer body of society; a network, an innumerable vast interlocked ramification, slowly being built up—all dear lovers and friends, all families, groups, all peoples, members of a Body, archetypal, glorious, the centre and perfection of life—the organic growth of God himself in time.

Edward Carpenter

FIRST HYMN

Hitch your Waggon to a Star!

HAVE we not all amid the stress and strife
 Had fleeting visions of a nobler life?
 Have we not glimpsed a spirit like a dove
 Coming from heaven, bringing peace and love?

It once seemed possible. Did we not hear
The flutter of its wings and feel it near,
And just within our reach? It was. And yet
We lost it in the daily jar and fret.

But still our place is kept and it will wait,
Ready for us to fill it, soon or late.
No star is ever lost we once have seen:
We always may be what we might have been.
Adelaide A. Procter (altered)

EXHORTATION

IN the hour of communion, better than any word of prayer is the wordless yearning for God. The longings of the soul are inexhaustible, and only the Infinite can satisfy them. He who freights the stars with light, who fills the poet with magical music, who floods a mother's heart with self-forgetful love—even He can more than fulfil our vastest longing. As the bird commits itself in entire trust to the unseen air, so may we commend ourselves to the Oversoul, who meaneth naught save good for us and through us, and in dependence upon Whom is perfect peace.

PRAYER

ALMIGHTY and all-loving Father, thou God of the human heart, renew in us the life that the care or trouble or sorrow of the world has caused to fade and go out. Give us the spiritual vision by which we may behold the beauty of divine things. And give us the strength of purpose that will enable us to realise our dreams. *Amen.*

OUR FATHER

FIRST CANTICLE

Let us now Praise Famous Men

LET us now praise famous men,
And our fathers that begat us.
The Lord hath wrought great glory by them
Through *his* great power from the beginning.

Such as *did* bear rule in their kingdoms,
Giving counsel by their understanding:
Leaders of the people by their counsels,
Wise and eloquent in their instructions:

Such as *found* out musical tunes,
And recited verses in writing:
All these were honoured *in their* generations,
And *were* the glory of their times.

There be of them, that have *left* a name behind them,
That their praises might be reported.
And some there *be*, which have no memorial,
Who are perished as though they had never been;

But *these* were merciful men,
Whose righteousness hath not been forgotten.
Their *seed* shall remain for ever,
And their *glory* shall not be blotted out.

Their *bodies* are buried in peace;
But their *name* liveth for evermore.
The *people* will tell of their wisdom,
And the congregation will shew forth their praise.

Ecclesiasticus

READING

SECOND CANTICLE

A Vision of the Future

AMONG the haunts and *dwellings* of mankind,
Men lived *together* even as spirits do.
None fawned, none trembled, *none* with eager fear
Gazed on *another's* eye of cold command.

None wrought his lips in *truth*-entangling lines
Which smiled the *lie* his tongue disdained to speak;
None with firm sneer trod *out* in his own heart
The sparks of *hope*, the holy fire of love.

Man had grown *gentle*, just and passionless,
Master of *fate*, a king over himself.
And women passed, frank, *beautiful* and kind;
Speaking the *wisdom* once they could not think.

To forgive wrongs *darker* than death or night,
To love and bear; to *hope*—this is to be
Good, great and happy, *beautiful* and free;
This is *alone* Life, Joy, and Victory.

Shelley

READING

THIRD CANTICLE

Dreamers of Dreams

WE are the music-makers,
And *we* are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On *whom* the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and *shakers*
Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We *build* up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous *story*
We fashion an empire's glory:
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall *go* forth and conquer a crown;
And three with a new song's *measure*
Can trample a kingdom down.

We, in the ages lying
In the *buried* past of the earth,
Built Ninveh with our *sighing*,
And Babel itself in our mirth;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the *Old* of the New World's worth;
For each age is a dream that is *dying*
Or one that is coming to birth.

A. W. E. O'Shaughnessy

SOLO OR VOLUNTARY

(Followed by short silence)

PRAYERS

WE praise thee, O Lord, for that mysterious spark of thy light within us, for thou hast kindled it in the beginning and by the breath of thy spirit it has grown to flaming power. We rejoice in the men of genius and intellectual vision who discern the undiscovered applications of thy laws and dig the deeper springs through which the hidden forces of thy world may well up to the light of day. We claim them as our own in thee, as members with us in the common body of humanity, of which thou art the all-pervading life and inspirer. And we thank thee that they are sent as brothers and helpers of men, and that the powers within them are part of the vast equipment of humanity. Gladden us with the glowing consciousness of the one life that thinks and strives in *us all*, and knit us together into a commonwealth of brothers in which each shall be heir of all things and the free servant of all men. *Amen.*

O THOU who art the life and glory of the world, we bless thee for the power of beauty, truth and goodness to gladden and make strong our hearts. We praise thee that even the least of us may feel a thrill of joy as we turn our thoughts to the visions of the seers, the achievements of the seekers, and the deeds of the righteous. Give us a desire to see, to know and to do, that we may serve our own generation by rising to the heights of true greatness. Give us faith in the inspiring power of a great purpose and courage to follow to the end the visions of our youth. Kindle in our hearts a deep compassion for those who need our help and sympathy. Fill us with a sense of the sadness and sweetness of humanity, that all our gifts may be dedicated to the service of love. Breathe a new spirit into us, that we may work with great daring for the coming of thy Kingdom. Make us reverent interpreters of God to man, who see thy face and hear thy voice in all things, that so we may unveil for others the beauty, truth and goodness within our view. *Amen.*

ANNOUNCEMENTS

VOLUNTARY

OFFERTORY

SECOND HYMN

It is the Dawn!

SAY that we dream! Our dreams have woven
Truths that outface the burning sun:
The lightnings, that we dreamed, have cloven
Time, space, and linked all lands in one!
Dreams! But their swift celestial fingers
Have knit the world with threads of steel,
Till no remotest island lingers
Outside the world's great Commonweal.

Dreams are they? But ye cannot stay them,
Or thrust the dawn back for one hour!
Truth, Love, and Justice, if ye slay them,
Return with more than earthly power:
Strive, if ye will, to seal the fountains
That send the Spring thro' leaf and spray;
Drive back the sun from Eastern mountains,
Then—bid this mightier movement stay.

It is the Dawn! The Dawn! The nations
From East to West have heard a cry—
Through all earth's blood-red generations
By hate and slaughter climbed thus high,
Here—on this height—still to aspire,
One only path remains untrod,
One path of love and peace climbs higher,
Make straight that highway for our God.

Alfred Noyes

SERMON

THIRD HYMN

The Pattern on the Mount

NOT always on the mount may we
Rapt in the heavenly vision be;
The shores of thought and feeling know
The Spirit's tidal ebb and flow.

"Lord, it is good abiding here"—
We cry, the heavenly presence near;
The vision vanishes, our eyes
Are lifted into vacant skies.

Yet hath one such exalted hour
Upon the soul redeeming power;
And in its strength through after days
We travel our appointed ways;

Till all the lowly vale grows bright,
Transfigured in remembered light,
And in untiring souls we bear
The freshness of the upper air.

The mount for vision—but below
The paths of daily duty go:
And nobler life therein shall own
The pattern on the mountain shown.

F. L. Hosmer

CLOSING PRAYER

O THOU who givest sustenance to the universe, from whom all things proceed, to whom all must return, unveil the face of that true Sun, that we may see the truth, and do our whole duty on our journey to thy sacred seat.

Amen.

Twelfth Service

GOD IS GOODNESS

Opening Sentences

(One or more to be said by the Minister, all standing)

MAKE righteousness in human affairs your aim.
Confucius

To know God is to know Goodness.
Traherne

The world is my country. Every man is my brother. To do good is my religion.
Tom Paine

Purity is for man, next to life, the greatest good. That purity is procured by the law of Mazda to him who cleanses his own self with Good Thoughts, Words and Deeds.

Make thyself pure, O righteous man! Any one in the world here below can win purity for himself, namely, when he cleanses himself with Good Thoughts, Good Words, and Good Deeds.

Zoroaster

FIRST HYMN

Three Lessons

THREE living lessons I would write—
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope! Though clouds environ now
 And Gladness hides her face in scorn,
 Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
 No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith! Where'er thy bark is driven—
 The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
 Know this—God rules the host of Heaven,
 The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love! Not Love for one alone,
 But man as man thy brother call,
 And scatter like the circling sun
 Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul
 Faith, Hope, and Love—and thou shalt find
 Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
 Light when thou else wert blind.

Schiller

EXHORTATION

WITHOUT purity of mind, to what end is the worship of God?

Why say, "I will go to Benares?" Why long for the sacred wells? How shall the true Benares be attained by the evil-doer?

Though we roam the wilds, sanctity is not in them; nor is it in the sky; nor on earth at the confluence of holy streams. Make thy body pure and thou shalt behold the King.

The devout man by the gradual progress of his soul shall attain his desire. He who is converted into pure mind knows the great secret.

Convert thy body into a temple, and restrain thyself: give up evil thoughts, and see God with thy internal eye. When we know him we shall know ourselves.

Hindu Scriptures (Vemana)

PRAYER

ETERNAL Father, we thank thee that thou hast revealed thyself to man as Righteousness, and we pray that we may know more and more of that Goodness which is God. We know that we are wanderers from thy way, that we forget thy laws, but we rejoice that the way of return is always open. We pray that we may forgive ourselves for every sin we commit, that with penitence we may wash out the remembrance of wrong, and with wings of new resolution fly out of the darkness of sin into the heaven of duty, joy and peace.

Amen.

OUR FATHER

FIRST CANTICLE

Better Things on Earth

PRESENTIMENT of better things on earth
 Sweeps in with every force that stirs our souls
 To admiration, *self*-renouncing love,
 Or thoughts, like *light*, that bind the world in one:
 Sweeps like the sense of *vastness*, when at night
 We hear the *roll* and dash of waves that break
 Nearer and nearer *with* the rushing tide,
 Which rises *to* the level of the cliff
 Because the wide Atlantic rolls behind
 Throbbing *respondent* to the far-off orbs.

George Eliot

READING

SECOND CANTICLE

Sorrow's Ceasing

THE First *Truth* is of Sorrow.
 Be not mocked! *Life* which ye prize is long-drawn
 agony:
 Only its pains abide;
 Its pleasures *are* as birds which light and fly.

Ache of the birth, *ache* of the helpless days,
 Ache of hot *youth* and ache of manhood's prime;
 Ache of the chill grey *years* and choking death,
 These fill your piteous time.

The Second *Truth* is Sorrow's Cause.
 What grief springs of *itself* and springs not from Desire?
Senses and things perceived
 Mingle and *light* passion's quick spark of fire.

The *Third* is Sorrow's Ceasing.
 This is peace, to conquer *love* of self and lust of life,
 To tear deep-rooted *passion* from the breast,
 To still the inward strife;

For love to clasp *Eternal* Beauty close;
 For *glory* to be Lord of self;
 For pleasure to *live* beyond the gods;
 For countless *wealth* to lay up lasting treasure

Of *perfect* service rendered,
 Duties done in charity, *soft* speech and stainless days:
 These riches shall not *fade* away in life,
 Nor any death dispraise.

Light of Asia

READING

THIRD CANTICLE

I was Eyes to the Blind

(To be sung softly, all seated)

I WAS *eyes* to the blind,
 And *feet* was I to the lame.

I was a *father* to the poor,
 And the *cause* which I knew not I searched out.

I *delivered* the poor that cried,
 And the *fatherless*, and *him* that had none to help him.

The *blessing* of him that was ready to *perish* came upon me:
 And I *caused* the *widow's* heart to sing for joy.

I put on *righteousness*, and it clothed me:
 My judgment was *as* a robe and a diadem.

Job

SOLO OR VOLUNTARY

(Followed by short silence)

PRAYERS

O LORD, our heavenly Father, we come before thee with a sense of thankfulness for the beauty and glory of thy creation, for the revelations of thy presence in the world about us, in the shining sky, in the earth beneath our feet, and in the faces of our friends. We praise thee that as thy children we can be conscious of the Kingdom of Heaven always about us. And we pray for that attitude of mind and spirit that will unlock for us the divine life. *Amen.*

O THOU who art the Love, the Light and the Life in whom is no discord, no darkness, nor death, give us the consciousness of thy presence within our hearts. May we remember that nothing but our own selfishness can break our constant communion with thee. Open our hearts for the inflow of the divine Love. Open our eyes that we may see thee in all thy children. Fill us with thy Life that there may go out from us to others a heavenly harmony, dispelling discord and darkness and sorrow. *Amen.*

A LMIGHTY God, we rejoice that thou art in thy world. Within its striving is thy calm. Around its restlessness is thy peace. Thy purpose fashions its achievements; thy love shapes its future. Help us to see this with clearer vision, to hold it fast with firmer faith. When wrong seems to triumph, may we know that it is already perishing, and hold hard by truth and love. May our hearts be stayed upon thy faithfulness, that we may abide all storms and troubles of mortal existence, knowing they shall all turn to our souls' true and lasting good. *Amen.*

IN this world of mingled good and evil, amid the ceaseless struggle of the better with the worse, grant unto us, our Father, the cheerful assurance that we are enlisted in the service of the good, bound for the better, and destined for the best. Reveal to us each day some task that we can do for thee, some chance to bear the burden of another, some call to take the side of the right against the wrong. Help us to conquer hardship by patience, despair by hope, fear by courage, hate by love, evil by good; and may we find the peace, the power, and the glory of thy perfect will reflected and reproduced in our hearts and lives. *Amen.*

ANNOUNCEMENTS

VOLUNTARY

OFFERTORY

SECOND HYMN

The Word

IT sounds along the ages,
Soul answering to soul;
It kindles on the pages
Of every Bible scroll;
The psalmists heard and sang it,
From martyr-lips it broke,
And prophet tongues outrang it
Till sleeping nations woke.

From Sinai's cliffs it echoed,
It breathed from Buddha's tree,
It charmed in Athens' market,
It gladdened Galilee;
The hammer-stroke of Luther,
The Pilgrims' sea-side prayer,
The oracles of Concord,
One holy Word declare.

It dates each new ideal,
Itself it knows not time;
Man's laws but catch the music
Of its eternal chime.
It calls—and lo, new Justice!
It speaks—and lo, new Truth!
In ever nobler stature
And unexhausted youth.

W. C. Gannett

SERMON

THIRD HYMN

The Steady Gain of Man

OH, sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal right!
And, step by step, since time began
We see the steady gain of man;

That all of good the past has had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

For still the new transcends the old
In signs and wonders manifold;
We need but open eye and ear,
To see God's mysteries always here.

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden times and holier shore:
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now, and here, and everywhere.

J. G. Whittier (altered)

CLOSING PRAYER

GOD be in my head,
And in my understanding;
God be in mine eyes,
And in my looking;
God be in my mouth,
And in my speaking;
God be in my heart,
And in my thinking;
God be at mine end,
And at my departing.

Amen.

Thirteenth Service

THE LORD OF LIFE

Opening Sentences

(One or more to be said by the Minister, all standing)

THERE is no kind of beast on earth, nor fowl which flieth with its wings, but the same is a people like unto you. . . . Unto their Lord shall they return. . . . God is the light of the heavens and of the earth. Hast thou not seen how all in the heavens and in the earth uttereth the praise of God?—the very birds as they spread their wings? Every creature knoweth its prayer and its praise!

The Koran

The Holy Man, he who ever seeks the good, is the Saviour of Men; to him no man is outcast. Always seeking the good, he is the Saviour of Living Beings; to him all life is sacred.

Lao Tse

'Twould ring the bells of Heaven,
The wildest peal for years,
If Parson lost his senses
And people came to theirs,
And he and they together
Knelt down with angry prayers
For tamed and shabby tigers,
And dancing dogs and bears,
And wretched, blind pit ponies,
And little hunted hares.

Ralph Hodgson

Have good will
To all that lives, letting unkindness die,
And greed and wrath, so that your lives be made
Like soft airs passing by.

The Light of Asia

Jesus saith, Ye ask, Who are those that draw us to the Kingdom? . . . The fowls of the air, and all the beasts that are under the earth or upon the earth, and the fishes of the sea, these are they which draw you, and the Kingdom of Heaven is within you. . . . Wherever there are two, they are not without God, and wherever there is one alone, I say, I am with him. Raise the stone, and there thou shalt find me; cleave the wood, and there am I.

New Sayings of Jesus

Certain have claimed for bees a share of some divine intelligence and a draught of the springs of heaven. For God, they say, extends through all lands and spaces of sea and depths of sky; from him flocks and herds and men and all the race of wild creatures, each at birth, draw the slender stream of life; to him thereafter all things as surely return, and are dissolved into him again; nor is there place for death; but living they flit to their starry mansions and rise to heaven above.

Virgil (Georgics IV)

Praise ye the Lord . . . praise him in the heights. . . .
 Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him all ye stars of light.
 Praise him, ye heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens. . . .
 Praise the Lord from the earth. . . .
 Fire and hail; snow and vapours; stormy wind fulfilling his word:
 Mountains and all hills, fruitful trees and all cedars.
 Beasts and all cattle; creeping things and flying fowl. . . .
 Let them praise the name of the Lord.

Psalms

FIRST HYMN

The Life-Giver

GOD of the granite and the rose,
 Soul of the sparrow and the bee,
 The mighty tide of being flows
 Through countless channels all from thee.

It leaps to life in grass and flowers,
 Through every grade of being runs,
 Till from creation's radiant towers
 Its glory flames in stars and suns.

God of the granite and the rose.
 Soul of the sparrow and the bee,
 The mighty tide of being flows
 Through all thy creatures back to thee.

Thus round and round the circle runs,
 A mighty sea without a shore,
 While men and angels, stars and suns
 Unite to praise thee ever more.

Elizabeth Doten

MEDITATION

On the One Whose Hands are Many

BENEFICENT God, Beloved One, giver of the warmth of life . . . homage to thee.

Homage to thee, King of heaven, first-born son of earth, Lord of things that are, maker of the universe, stablisher of all things.

One in his actions . . . Lord of Truth, maker of men, creator of all animals . . . creator of the staff of life, maker of the herbage that sustaineth the life of cattle. . . .

Praise be unto thee, Prince of the dew . . . Suspender of the sky, who hammered out the earth.

Strong Watcher . . . Lord of eternity, creator of everlastingness. . . . Lord of light, creator of splendour. . . . He giveth his hand to him that loveth him. . . .

He heareth the cry of the oppressed. He is gentle of heart when one crieth to him. He delivereth the timid from the man of violence. . . .

Homage to thee, dweller in peace, great in love, at whose coming men live. . . . Lord of the joy of heart. . . . Thy loveliness is in the southern sky. Thy graciousness is in the north. . . .

Every country adoreth thee, to the height of heaven, to the breadth of the earth, to the depth of the great green sea. . . .

The maker of every thing that is. . . . The creator of things that shall be. . . . He maketh to live the fish in the river, and the feathered fowl of the sky. He giveth air to the creature that is in the egg. He nourisheth the birds on every bough.

Homage to thee, O creator of all creatures, the One whose hands are many.

From a Hymn to Amen Ra

FIRST CANTICLE

The Song of the Three Holy Children

O ALL ye Works of the Lord, *bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever. . . .*

O ye Sun and Moon, *bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever.*

O ye Stars of Heaven, *bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever.*

O ye Showers and Dew, *bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever.*

O ye Winds of God, *bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever. . . .*

O ye Winter and Summer, *bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever. . . .*

O ye Nights and Days, *bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever. . . .*

O let the *Earth* bless the Lord: yea, let it *praise him, and magnify him for ever.*

O ye Mountains and Hills, *bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever.*

O all ye Green Things upon the Earth, *bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever. . . .*

O ye Seas and Rivers, *bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever. . . .*

O all ye Fowls of the Air, *bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever.*

O all ye Beasts and Cattle, *bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever.*

O ye Children of Men, *bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever.*

Apocrypha

READING

SECOND CANTICLE

Dweller on the Mountain

O DWELLER on the Mountain, we salute *thee* with auspicious hymn.

Homage to the Lord of fields. Homage to the Lord of moving things.

Homage to the Lord of *trees* with their green tresses; to the Lord of beasts be homage.

Homage to him whose *sheen* is like green grass; homage to the radiant Lord of paths.

Homage to him *who* stretched out the earth; to the Lord of forests be homage.

Homage to him who dwells in waves, *and* in still waters; to *him* who dwells in rivers and on islands.

Homage to *him* of the sown corn-land, and to *him* of the threshing-floor be homage.

Homage to him who *dwells* on paths and roads; homage to him who is in rugged spots, *and* on the skirts of mountains.

EVERY NATION KNEELING

Homage to him in *bright* sky and sunlight; *homage* to him in clouds and lightning.

Homage to him who is in dry things, and to him *who* is in green things; *homage* to him who is in herds of cattle.

Homage to him who is in leaves, and to him *who* is in the falling of leaves; *homage* to him who is in hearts.

O *Dweller* on the Mountain, to *thee* be homage, holy Lord!

White Yajur Veda

READING

THIRD CANTICLE

When Peace is Won

(To be sung softly, all seated)

WHEN Peace is won, the *adept* in welfare needs to prove
An *able*, upright man, of *gracious* speech and kindly mood.

His wants are few; gentle, sense-disciplined, *quick*-witted,
bluster-free,
He never stoops to conduct mean or low.

May creatures all abound in weal and peace;
May all be *blessed* with peace always; *all* creatures weak or strong.

All creatures unseen or seen, *dwelling* afar or near,
Born or awaiting birth—*may* all be blessed with peace!

Let none despise or *flout* his fellows anywhere;
Let *none* resentment bear; let *none* in anger live or hate.

Just as a mother shields *from* hurt her only child,
Let *all*-embracing love *for* all that lives be thine.

THIRTEENTH SERVICE

An *all*-embracing love *for* all the universe;
Unstinted love, *unmarred* by hate, *not* rousing enmity.

So, as you stand or walk, or sit, or lie, reflect
With *all* your mind on this; 'tis deemed a state divine.

Buddhist Sutta

SOLO OR VOLUNTARY

(Followed by short silence)

PRAYERS

A Thanksgiving of St. Francis for All Created Beings

O MOST High, Almighty, good Lord God, to thee belong
praise, glory, honour and all blessing!

Praised be my Lord God with all his Creatures, and especially our brother the Sun, who brings us the day and who brings us the light; fair is he and shines with a great splendour; O Lord, he signifies to us thee.

Praised be my Lord for our sister the Moon, and for the stars, the which he has set clear and lovely in the heaven.

Praised be my Lord for our brother the Wind, and for air and cloud, calms and all weather, by which thou upholdest life in all creatures.

Praised be my Lord for our sister Water, who is very serviceable unto us and humble and precious and clean.

Praised be my Lord for our brother Fire, through whom thou givest us light in the darkness; and he is bright and pleasant and very mighty and strong.

Praised be my Lord for our mother the Earth, the which doth sustain us and keep us, and bringeth forth divers fruit, and flowers of many colours, and grass.

Praised be my Lord for all those who pardon one another for Love's sake.

EVERY NATION KNEELING

Praised be my Lord for our sister the Death of the body.
Blessed are they who are found walking by thy most holy will.

Praise ye and bless ye the Lord, and give thanks unto him
and serve him with great humility.

Amen.

A Poet's Prayer for Forgiveness

(By JAMES STEPHENS) (*To be sung softly by all*)

LITTLE things that run and quail
And die in silence and despair;

Little things that fight and fail
And fall on sea and earth and air;

All trapped and frightened little things,
The mouse, the coney, hear our prayer;

As we forgive those done to us,
The lamb, the linnet, and the hare,

Forgive us all our trespasses,
Little creatures everywhere.

Amen

For this Universe, Our Great Home

(By WALTER RAUSCHENBUSCH)

O GOD, we thank thee for this universe, our great home;
for its vastness and its riches, and for the manifoldness
of the life which teems upon it and of which we are part.

We praise thee for the arching sky and the blessed winds,
for the driving clouds and the constellations on high. We
praise thee for the salt sea and the running water, for the

THIRTEENTH SERVICE

everlasting hills, for the trees, and for the grass under our feet. We thank thee for our senses by which we can see the splendour of the morning, and hear the jubilant songs of love, and smell the breath of the springtime. Grant us, we pray thee, a heart wide open to all this joy and beauty, that we pass not heedless and unseeing when the thornbush by the wayside is aflame with the glory of God.

Enlarge within us the sense of fellowship with all living things, to whom thou hast given this earth as their home in common with us. We remember with shame that men have exercised high dominion with ruthless cruelty, so that the voice of the Earth, which should have gone up to thee in song, has been a groan of travail. May we realise that all beings live, not for us alone, but for themselves and for thee, and that they love the sweetness of life, even as we.

When our use of this world is over and we make room for others, may we not leave anything ravished by our greed or spoiled by our ignorance, but may we hand on our common heritage fairer and sweeter through our use of it, undiminished in fertility and joy, that so our bodies may return in peace to the Great Mother and our spirits may round the circle of a perfect life in thee. *Amen.*

ANNOUNCEMENTS

VOLUNTARY

OFFERTORY

SECOND HYMN

We Reign Like Gods

THE bravest also are the tenderest;
They greatly dare who do most truly love;
When most thou pitiest, most thou renderest
Help, mercy, justice like to God above.

EVERY NATION KNEELING

All greatest men, and grandest women, too,
Have used their strength to save the dumb and weak;
Protecting helpless things, they daily grew
Like to that Mercy they did daily seek.

We, too, are great just as we save from pain
All things that fly, all creatures of the field;
We reign like gods, and power o'er Nature gain
Just as their heaven-born rights we gladly yield.

The King of Love their Shepherd is, we deem;
And we his under-shepherds truly are
When in love's pastures and by mercy's stream
We lead these fellow-creatures of his care.

Walter Walsh

SERMON

THIRD HYMN

He Loveth All

FAREWELL, farewell; but this I tell
To thee, thou parting guest!
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small:
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

Adapted from Coleridge

BENEDICTION

(BUDDHIST)

CREATURES without feet have my love,
And likewise those that have two feet,
And those that have four feet I love,
And those, too, that have many feet.

THIRTEENTH SERVICE

Let creatures all, all things that live,
All beings of whatever kind,
See nothing that will bode them ill;
May nought of evil come to them.

PEACE TO ALL BEINGS!

EVERY NATION KNEELING

Opening Sentences

(One or more to be said by the Minister, all standing)

MEN have rent their great concern, one among another, into sects, every party rejoicing in that which is their own. Wherefore leave them till a certain time. . . . One day God will call to them and say, "Where are my companions?" . . . And we will bring up a witness out of every nation and say, "Bring your proofs." And they shall know that the Truth is with God alone. . . . To its own Book shall every nation be called. . . . And thou shalt see every nation kneeling.

Koran

I dream'd
That stone by stone I rear'd a sacred fane,
A temple, neither Pagod, Mosque nor Church,
But loftier, simpler, always open-door'd
To every breath from heaven, and Truth and Peace
And Love and Justice came and dwelt therein.

Tennyson's "Akbar's Dream"

Come together, O ye kinsmen all . . . to the glory of the mighty Guardian. . . . May your minds and your purposes be united. . . .

May we be in harmony with our kinsfolk, in harmony with strangers. . . .

Like friends we shall associate. . . . Harmonious, devoted to the same purpose, speak ye words in kindly spirit. . . .

Do not hold yourselves apart. . . . Do ye come here, co-operating, going along the same wagon-pole, speaking agreeably to one another.

Atharva Veda

As a mother so long as she lives watches over her only child, so among all beings let boundless goodwill, unmixed with enmity, prevail throughout the world.

Metta Sutta

Perfect virtue is when you behave to everyone as if you were receiving a great guest . . . not to do to others as you would not wish done to yourself. . . . Within the four seas all are brothers.

Confucius

EVERY NATION KNEELING

One is your Father and all ye are brethren. . . . God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that revereth him and worketh righteousness is accepted of him. . . . He hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth.

New Testament

Thus saith the Lord of the strangers that join themselves to the Lord, to minister unto him, and to love the name of the Lord, to be his servants: Them will I bring to my Holy Mountain, and make them joyful in my house of prayer: their offering shall be accepted upon mine altar: for mine house shall be called an House of Prayer for all Peoples.

Isaiah

FIRST HYMN

The Church Universal

ONE holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores.
With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons
To serve the world raised up;
The pure in heart her baptized ones,
Love, her communion cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page.
And feet on mercy's errand swift
Do make her pilgrimage.

O living Church, thine errand speed;
Fulfil thy task sublime;
With bread of life earth's hunger feed;
Redeem the evil time!

S. Longfellow

EXHORTATION

THE Beloved of the Gods honours men of all sects with gift and manifold honour. But the Beloved of the Gods does not think so much of gift and honour as that there should be a growth of the essential among men of all sects. . . .

Coming together of the sects is therefore commendable in order that they may hear and desire to hear one another's Teaching. For this is the desire of the Beloved of the Gods, that all sects shall be well-informed and conducive of good.

And those who are favourably disposed towards this or that sect shall be informed: The Beloved of the Gods does not so much think of gift or honour as that there may be a growth of the essential among all sects and also mutual appreciation.

Asoka (Rock Edict XII)

PRAYER

FATHER of all mankind, thy people of every clime, of every creed wait upon thee. In thought of our common origin, all diversity is lost, and sense of our human brotherhood alone remains. Of thy one light of Truth, teach us to see in every religion a several ray. Inspire our souls with love of the good in every form, that we may keep our temple always open-doored to every breath from Heaven, where Truth and Peace may come to dwell, and prepare a way for the Universal Church, broad as are the needs of man, and lofty as the love of God. *Amen.*

FIRST CANTICLE

Glad Tidings

THE spirit of the Lord is upon me—
 Because he hath anointed me to *preach* the gospel to
 the poor;
 He hath sent me to *heal* the broken-hearted,
 To preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of
 sight to the blind,
 To set at *liberty* them that are bruised,
 To preach the *acceptable year* of the Lord.
 To give unto them that *mourn* a garland for ashes—
 The oil of joy for mourning, the garment of *praise* for the
 spirit of heaviness;
 That they might be *called trees* of righteousness—
 The planting of the *Lord*, that he might be glorified.
 For as the *earth* bringeth forth her bud,
 And as the garden causeth the things *that* are sown in it to
 come forth;
 So the Lord God will cause *righteousness* and praise
 To *spring* forth before all nations.

Isaiah

READING

SECOND CANTICLE

The Path to Heavenly Birth

FEARLESSNESS, *singleness* of soul,
 The *will* always to strive for wisdom;
 Opened *hand* and governed appetites;
 And *piety* and love of lonely study;
 Humbleness, uprightness, heed to *injure* nought which lives,
Truthfulness, slowness unto wrath,
 A mind that *lightly* letteth go what others prize,
 And equanimity and *charity* which spieth no man's faults;

And tenderness *towards* all that suffer;
 A contented *heart*, fluttered by no desires;
 A bearing *mild*, modest and grave,
 With manhood nobly mixed,

With patience, *fortitude* and purity;
 An unrevengeful spirit, never given to rate itself too high—
 Such be the signs of *him* whose feet are set
 On that fair *path* which leads to heavenly birth!

Bhagavad Gita

READING

THIRD CANTICLE

Buddhist Beatitudes

(To be sung softly, all seated)

NOT to serve the foolish, *but* to serve the wise;
 To honour those worthy of *honour*—this is the greatest
 blessing.

Much insight and education, self-control and pleasant speech,
 And whatever word be well *spoken*—this is the greatest
 blessing.

To live righteously, *to give* help to kindred,
 To follow a peaceful *calling*—this is the greatest blessing.

To be long-suffering and meek, to *abhor* and cease from evil,
 Not to be weary in well *doing*—this is the greatest blessing.

To be *gentle*, to be *patient* under reproof,
 To be *charitable*, act *virtuously*—this is the greatest blessing.

Reverence and *humility*, contentment and gratitude,
 To be pure, to be *temperate*—this is the greatest blessing.

To dwell in a *pleasant* land with *right* desires in the heart,
 To bear the remembrance of good *deeds*—this is the greatest
 blessing.

Beneath the stroke of life's changes, the *mind* that shaketh
not,
Without grief or *passion*—this is the greatest blessing.

On every side are invincible *they* who do acts like these,
On every side they walk in *safety*—and theirs is the greatest
blessing.

The Buddha

SOLO OR VOLUNTARY

(Followed by short silence)

LET US PRAY

In the Words of Muhammad

IN the name of the merciful and compassionate God.
Praise belongs to God, the Lord of the worlds, the merciful,
the compassionate! Thee we serve and thee we ask for
aid. Guide us in the right path. *Amen.*

In Words from the Christian Book of Common Prayer

O GOD, the Creator and Preserver of all mankind, we
humbly beseech Thee for all sorts and conditions of
men; that thou wouldest be pleased to make thy ways
known unto them, thy saving health unto all nations. . . .
We pray that all may be led into the way of truth and hold
the faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in
righteousness of life. *Amen.*

In the Words of Whittier, the Quaker Poet

(To be sung by all)

GREAT God, unite our severing ways;
No separate altars may we raise,
But with one tongue now speak thy praise,—

With peace that comes of purity
Building the temple yet to be,
To fold our broad humanity.

White flowers of love its walls shall climb,
Soft bells of peace shall ring its chime,
Its days shall all be holy time.

A sweeter song shall then be heard—
The music of the world's accord,
Rejoicing o'er the broken sword:

That song shall swell from shore to shore,
One hope, one faith, one love restore,
One brotherhood for evermore.

Amen.

In Words from the Zend Avesta

THE Creator, Lord of Light, praise we.
The Teacher, Lord of Purity, praise we.
The day-times praise we.
The pure water praise we.
The stars, the moon, the sun, the trees, praise we.
The mountains, the pastures, dwellings and fountains,
praise we. . . .
The well-created animals praise we.
We praise all good men; we praise all good women.
We praise thee, our dwelling-place, O Earth.
We praise thee, O God, Lord of the dwelling-place.

Amen.

In Words from a Vedic Hymn—to God as Mother
Earth

TRUTH, greatness, universal order, strength, consecration
. . . support the Earth. . .

Thy snowy mountain heights, and thy forests, O Earth,
shall be kind to us! The brown, the black, the red, the multi-
coloured, the firm Earth . . . we have settled upon, not sup-
pressed, not slain, not wounded.

Into thy middle set us, O Earth . . . into the nourishing
strength that has grown up from thy body. . . The Earth
is the Mother and we the Children of the Earth. . .

A great gathering-place, thou great Earth, hast become. . .

The fragrance, O Earth, that has risen from thee, which
the plants and waters hold . . . with that make us fragrant;
not any one shall hate us!

That fragrance of thine which has entered into the lotus
. . . with that make us fragrant; not any one shall hate us!

That fragrance of thine which is in men, the loveliness and
charm that is in male and female . . . with that do thou
blend us; not any one shall hate us! *Amen.*

ANNOUNCEMENTS

VOLUNTARY

OFFERTORY

SECOND HYMN

Akbar's Dream

OF each fair plant the choicest blooms I scan,
For of the garden of the King I'm free
To wreath a crown for every Mussulman,
Brahmin and Buddhist, Christian and Parsee.

Shall rose cry unto lotus, "No flower thou"?
Palm call to cypress, "I alone am fair"?
Shall mango say to melon from his bough,
"Mine is the one fruit Allah did prepare"?

Look how the living pulse of Allah beats,
Like rhythmic music through his far-flung spheres;
And light of earth with light of heaven meets
Where'er the heart of man the Good reveres.

I hate the rancour of their castes and creeds,
I let men worship as their hearts commend.
I cull from every faith the noblest deeds,
And bravest soul for counsellor and friend.

And stone by stone I'll rear a sacred fane,
A temple, neither Pagod, Mosque nor Church,
Lofty and open-door'd, where all may gain
The blessing breathed by God on souls that search.

The sun shall rise at last when creed and race
Shall bear false witness each of each no more.
Before one altar Truth shall Peace embrace,
And Love and Justice kneeling shall adore.

A paraphrase of Tennyson's poem by Will Hayes

SERMON

THIRD HYMN

Gather Us In!

GATHER us in, thou Love that fillest all:
Gather the rival faiths within thy fold;
Throughout the nations sound the clarion call:
Beneath Love's banner all shall be enrolled!

Gather us in; we worship only thee;
 In varied names we stretch a common hand;
 In diverse forms a common soul we see;
 In many ships we seek one spirit land.

Thine is the mystic life great India craves;
 Thine is the Parsee's sin-destroying beam;
 Thine is the Buddhist's rest from tossing waves;
 Thine is the empire of vast China's dream.

Thine is the Roman's strength without his pride;
 Thine is the Greek's glad world without its graves;
 Thine is Judæa's law with love beside,
 Thine is the Christian's faith—the grace that saves.

Some seek a Father in the heaven above;
 Some ask a human image to adore;
 Some crave a spirit, vast as life and love;
 Within thy mansions, we have all and more.

Gather us in, thou Love that fillest all;
 Gather the rival faiths within thy fold;
 Throughout the nations sound the clarion call;
 Beneath Love's banner all shall be enrolled!
G. Matheson (altered)

CLOSING PRAYER

(SUFİ)

DO thou accept us with the children,
 O thou, our God, and the God of all!
 Show us the road that we may reach thy door,
 O thou towards whom is the way of all men! *Amen.*

SUGGESTED TUNES

From the *Bristol Tune Book*, except where otherwise stated. F.H. is *Fellowship Hymn Book*; A.M. is *Ancient and Modern*; S.P. is *Songs of Praise*.

FIRST SERVICE

Hymns		Canticles	
1. 94 (F.H.)	2. 474	1. 291	2. 308
3. 633		3. 691	

SECOND SERVICE

Hymns		Canticles	
1. 55	2. 877	1. 289	2. 273
3. 29		3. 662	

THIRD SERVICE

Hymns		Canticles	
1. 55	2. 52	1. 679	2. 308
3. 71		3. 687	

FOURTH SERVICE

Hymns		Canticles	
1. 403	2. 249	1. 299	2. 819
3. 90		3. 273	

FIFTH SERVICE

Hymns		Canticles	
1. 595	2. 822	1. 310	2. 696
3. Parry		3. 292	

SIXTH SERVICE

Hymns		Canticles	
1. 45	2. 768	1. 277	2. 273
3.	477 (A.M.)	3.	671

SEVENTH SERVICE

Hymns		Canticles	
1. 381	2. 360	1. 650	2. 314
3.	277 (F.H.)	3.	671

EIGHTH SERVICE

Hymns		Canticles	
1. 5	2. 569	1. 271	2. 288
3.	846	3.	648

NINTH SERVICE

Hymns		Canticles	
1. 368	2. 169	1. 265	2. 326
3.	624	3.	648

TENTH SERVICE

Hymns		Canticles	
1. 189	2. 876	1. 670	2. 675
3.	618	3.	681

ELEVENTH SERVICE

Hymns		Canticles	
1. 624	2. 477 (A.M.)	1. 710	2. 671
3.	87	3.	707

TWELFTH SERVICE

Hymns		Canticles	
1. 595	2. 162	1. 668	2. 679
3.	381	3.	654

THIRTEENTH SERVICE

Hymns		Canticles	
1. 99 (F.H.)	2. 877	1. 301	2. 305
3.	191	3.	825
		Hymn-Prayer 305 (S.P.)	

FOURTEENTH SERVICE

Hymns		Canticles	
1. 29	2. 877	1. 265	2. 326
3.	624	3.	648
		Hymn-Prayer 225	

EVERY NATION KNEELING

THE PRAYER OF JESUS

OUR Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is
in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us
our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil:
for thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever
and ever. *Amen.*

A COVENANT FOR FREE WORSHIP

LOVE is the Doctrine of this Church,
The quest of truth is its Sacrament,
And service is its Prayer.

To dwell together in Peace,
To seek knowledge in Freedom,
To serve mankind in Fellowship,
To the end that all souls shall grow into harmony with the
Divine,

Thus do we Covenant with each other and with our God.

*(From "Antiphonal Readings for Free Worship", arranged by Griswold
Williams, Murray Press, Boston, U.S.A.)*

BENEDICTION

NOW, O God, may thy holy and perfect peace, which
layeth to rest all the trouble of our lives, abide with us,
and with thy children everywhere. *Amen.*